THE VNFORTVNATE LOVERS:

A Tragedie;

As it was lately Acted with great applauſe at the private Houſe in *Black-Fryers*;

By His Majeſties Servants.

The Author *William Davenant*, Servant to Her Majeſtie.

LONDON,
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOVRABLE PHILIP

Earle of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, &c.

My Noble Lord,

THe naturall affection, which by the ſucceſſive vertue of your Family you have alwayes borne to *Poetry*, ingages me in the abſence of the worthy Author, to preſent your Lordſhip this piece, that you, the beſt *Mæcenas* of the age, might Patronize this beſt of *Playes*. Had Mr. *Davenaut* himſelfe beene preſent, hee would have elected no other Patron but your Lordſhip, and in his abſence I beſeech you accept this Worke of his; whoſe excellence, I hope, will excuſe his boldneſſe, who had no other ambition in the dedication, but that he might by publike profeſſion be knowne to be that which has long time been in his private affection,

The humble honourer of your Name and Family.

W. H.

Prologue.

WEre you but halfe ſo humble to confeſſe,
As you are wiſe to know your happineſſe;
Our Author would not grieve to ſee you ſit
Ruling with ſuch unqueſtion'd power his wit:
What would I give, that I could ſtill preſerve
My loyaltie to him, and yet deſerve
Your kinde opinion, by revealing now
The cauſe of that great ſtorme which clouds his brow,
And his cloſe murmurs, which ſince meant to you,
I cannot thinke, or mannerly or true.
Well; I begin to be reſolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragicke Mounſieur fret;
Let him the ſeverall harmeleſſe weapons uſe
Of that all-daring triflle, call'd his Muſe;
Yet I'll informe you what this very day
Twice before witneſſe, I have heard him ſay,
Which is, that you are growne exceſsive proud,
For ten times more of wit then was allow'd
Your ſilly Anceſtors in twenty yeere,
Y'expect ſhould in two houres be given you here:
*For they he ſweares, to th'*Theatre *would come*
Ere they had din'd to take up the beſt roome;
There ſit on benches, not adorn'd with Mats,
And graciouſly did vaile their high-crown'd Hats
To every halfe dreſs'd Player, as he ſtill
Through th'hangings peep'd to ſee how th'houſe did fill.
Good eaſie judging ſoules, with what delight
They would expect a jigge or Target fight,
A furious tale of Troy, *which they ne're thought*
Was weekly written, ſo 'twere ſtrongly fought.

Prologue.

Laught at a clinch, the ſhadow of a jeſt,
And cry a paſſing good one I proteſt.
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your fore-fathers, whom wee govern'd here;
And ſuch had you been too hee ſweares, had not
The Poets *taught you how t'unweave a plot,*
And tract the winding Scenes, *taught you to admit*
What was true ſenſe, not what did ſound like wit.
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainſt themſelves to fight,
Made ſtrong and miſchievous from what they write:
You have beene lately highly feaſted here
With two great wits, that grac'd our Theatre;
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt then mend your appetite;
Hee vowes to uſe you, which he much abhorres,
As others did, your homely Anceſtors.

The

The Persons in the Tragedie.

Heildebrand —— King of the *Lombards*.
Ascoli —— Prince of *Verona*.
Altophil —— A Duke and Generall.
Rangone —— A Count, Captaine of the Guard to *Ascoli*.
Galeotto —— A politick stout ambitious favorite to *Ascoli*.
Morello —— A Gentleman, and creature to *Galeotto*.
Gandolpho —— Brother to *Morello*, Captaine of the Fort in *Verona*.
Rampino —— A young gallant souldier, much indebted and vexed by Creditors.
Brusco —— An old Captaine his companion.
Hirco —— A souldier, companion to them both.
Friskin —— An ambitious Taylor, to whom *Rampino* owes money.
Arthiopa —— Mistresse to *Altophil*.
Amaranta —— Her Rivall, daughter to *Galeotto*.
Fibbia —— A precise Widow, to whom also *Rampino* is indebted.

A Carthusian ——
Souldiers to *Heildebrand*, } &c.
The Guard to *Ascoli*.

The SCENE *Verona*.

The

The Vnfortunate Lovers.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter *Rampino*, *Bruſco*, *Hirco*.

Rampino.

COme Gentlemen, I'll ſhew you the whole Court,
Hirco (I thinke) was never here before.
Bruſco. Never? he takes theſe o'r-growne babes,
Theſe tender ſuckings Gyants of the guard
For Colonels of *Switzerland*, each Uſher
Of the preſence for a famous leader;
Hirco. Yes, of women in the darke.
Ramp. Why doſt thou ſneake and tread ſo baſhfully
Behind? come boldly on, they'll thinke thee elſe
A City ſpie that ſeekes for leave to arreſt.
Bruſc. He lookes as if hee had a blacke Jacke under
His cloake, and came to beg budge at the Buttery.
Ramp. Move on, This is the preſence, Genlemen,
Hence in your paſſage to the privie Chamber;
You ſhould erect your fingers to your hayre,
Which being ordered thus,——or, having uſed
Your little Tortoiſe-combe to *titubate*
Your empty heads; you may ſalute thoſe of
But halfe a fortune thus with halfe a face,
The favorite with your entire frame, here
Hee is your Idoll, your Religion elſe
Will be believ'd hereticall.
Hirco. Rampino, walke no further into ſight,
Our Generalls pleaſure was, wee ſhould not be
Diſcovered, yet for feare it chance to make
His comming knowne, 'tis ſudden, and by ſtealth.

Enter *Aſcoli*, *Galeotto*, *Amaranta*, who whiſper together.

Ramp. Young *Aſcoli* our Prince, *Bruſco*, retire.
Bruſco. Since my laſt viſit to the Camp, he's growne
Tall man; and he becomes his growth, wee that

Purſue the ſullen buſineſſe of the warre,
Long much to ſhew him to the foe; not in his
Perfume and his ſilkes; but yron beſt.
There he muſt change his gentle lookes, and learne
To frowne; men thinke his courage great.
Ramp. *Bruſco*, hee will make good in future Acts
Of chivalrie mens beſt beliefe, and has
A nature corrupted yet, with exeeciſe
Of guilt; his ignorance in ſinne makes all
His errors ſeeme but raſh miſtakes; and well
That falſe *Galeotto* knowes how to ſubdue
A heart, whoſe innocence is all
The armour of his breaſt.
Bruſc. Is that *Galeotto* his deare favorite?
Ramp. It is; hee was a ſouldier in his youth,
And had the lucke of eately victories,
Which rais'd him to a reſtleſſe pride, ſuch as
He ſince maintaines by wicked arts of Court,
The horror of his thoughts ought make him ſad,
'Tis a melancholy doth cauſe him groane
At night, but they're Mandrakes grounds and ſtill
Bode death; nor is his mirth leſſe dangerous:
For like the wanton play of Perpoiſes,
It propheſies a ſtorme, and when he ſhakes
His foe by the hand, 'tis not in kindneſſe, but
To reach his pulſe, that hee may feele how ſoone
Nature would kill whom he long ſince preſcribed.
Bruſc. What Lady's that? his eyes ſo overlookes?
Hirco. I could lie perdue with her all night i'th ſnow.
Ramp. 'Tis faire *Amaranta*, *Galeotto's* daughter;
The beauty of her minde, ſhines in her face:
For ſhe is good as faire, and more to urge
Her excellence, her vertues are ſo great,
They overmatch his vice; but luckleſſe maide,
She mournes within, and loves the noble Duke
Our Generall, ev'n with a ſicke and waking heart.
Aſcol. This newes hath much of joy, and ſomewhat too
Of wonder in't, Duke *Altophi* our Generall
So neere the towne, ſtolne hither to prevent
The triumphs due unto his victory.
Galeot. It is your Highneſſe cuſtome to give truſt
To my intelligence, and this hath truth
Enough to merit your beliefe; but as
You ever have, vouchſafe your helpe to make
Me proſperous; ſo I beſeech you now
Aſſiſt my daughters penſive Love. This Duke
Is high in worth, as in his blood, and may,
If you procure him, chooſe her for his wife,

By

By his alliance ſo confirme my family,
That I ſhall need to feare no change of time,
No angrie fate, but from your Princely ſelfe.
Aſcol. Faire *Amaranta*, doſt thou love Duke *Altophil*?
It is a choyce ſo excellent, you need
Not bluſh to owne the paſſions of your heart.
Amaranta. Sir ſince it was his vertues taught me how
To love, I hope my modeſtie may give
Me leave ſtill to confeſſe it to the world.
Aſcol. His judgement ſeldome harbours neere his eyes,
If he can looke on ſo much beauty, and
Not wiſh to make it his, but Gentle maide,
Truſt me, I ſhall perſwade him to this happineſſe
With all my power and skill.
Amaran. It is a favour that
My prayer ſhall endevour to requite,
Though I am doubtfull how to owne it from
Mine owne deſires.
Galeotto. *Amaranta*, peace.
I am the elder begger Sir, and by
Continuall practice want no confidence
To aske your helpe at all neceſſities.
Aſcol. This, *Galeotto*, is a kindneſſe to
My ſelfe, I long to ſee thoſe nuptialls conſummate,
Where each ſo much deſerves the others love;
Let's in and make enquirie of the cauſe,
Why his arrivall is ſo much conceal'd. —— *Exeunt Aſcoli, Galeotto, Amaranta.*
Bruſc. But why *Rampino*, ſince this Lady is
So rarely qualified, and being heire
To all her fathers wealth and hopes, doth not
Our Generall make her lawfull miſtreſſe of
His bed.
Ramp. The cauſe is evident: for his
Affections and his faith already are
Ingag'd unto the beautifull *Arthiopa*.
Bruſc. *Arthiopa*? The daughter of our old
Dead Generall? alas, his fame was greater then
His fortune, for he left her poore.
Ramp. Moſt true;
So poore, ſhe was conſtrain'd to live conceal'd
Here in *Verona*, and become ('tis thought)
Her Lovers chaſte and thankfull penſioner;
And you have heard what ſtrange reports were oft
Diſpers'd into our campe of her diſloyalty:
Some ſawcily would ſtile it luſt, and thoſe
Were puniſh'd for their looſe and ſlippery tongues.
Bruſc. It ſeemes then our Duke *Altophil* retaines
Her ſtill in's breaſt with's former confidence.

Ramp. She growes the faſter to his heart, for hee
Had ſtrong ſuſpicions to believe theſe tales
By *Galeotto* forg'd, who ſtrives, it ſeemes,
By this poore Ladies infamie, to make
More eaſie roome for his faire daughters Love.

Hirco. O, how full of miſchiefe are theſe wiſe men!

Briſco. It would be long *Hirco*, ere wee could ſqueeze
Such another plot out of thy leane head.

Ramp. Never, though it were cruſhed to a circumference
So ſmall, that he might make a Helmet of
A Hazle-Nut.

Hirco. Well Gentlemen, you'll find
Our Generall an angry man ere night,
Take that from my intelligence, though I
Receiv'd it ſince wee came to towne i'th ſtreets.

Bruſco. How, *Hirco*, come the newes?

Hirco. The Lady that
You call *Arthiopa*, this morning, was
Arreſted in her Chamber by the Officers
Of the Purgation houſe, and's thither ſent
To ſuffer for unchaſtity.

Ramp. The Divell made thee drunk with ſpirit of Sulphure.

Hirco. I'm ſure this is the peoples language now,
And talk'd on too, by children two foot high,
And more three witneſſes (whom they believe
Brib'd and ſuborn'd) have all depos'd againſt
Her maiden-head; that was the phraſe.

Ramp. Here will we knocke ere long, let them that have
No money take up plaſters upon truſt.

Bruſco. Away, let's to Saint *Laurence* port, it was
Our Generalls will we ſhould be expected there. —— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Galeotto*, *Morello.*

Galeot. *Morello*, I'me ſubdu'd with thy fine Arts;
Thou art as ſwift to execute as to
Contrive, how did our witneſſes behave
Themſelves when they beheld *Arthiopa*?

Morel. Good faith (my Lord) valiant Rogues that had
Full oft o'rcome their conſciences before;
And therefore, to reſiſt her bluſhes, thought
It but an eaſie victory: the Articles
Were many they did t'accuſe her chaſtity,
Which they both read and ſwore to in a breath,
And wiſh'd them longer for your Lordſhips ſake,
Proteſting their good natures check'd them, cauſe
They earn'd their money with ſo little paines.

Galeot. How did the Governours o'th ſevere houſe
Digeſt the imployment my requeſt did lay
Upon their gravitie?

Morello. They

Morello. They are a kinde
Of more ſolemne Villaines, and like old fiſhes,
Chooſe to demur and ſwim about the bait
A while, ere they would catch what afterwards
They ſwallowed greedily.
Galeot. I thanke their tenderneſſe.
Morello. It ſeem'd at firſt, as if her innocence
And beauty would pervert their juſtice to
Rebell againſt your Lordſhips power; but then
Preſuming pity was a little too
Effeminate for ancient Magiſtrates,
They thought upon your gold, and had decreed
Her to the whip, but that I interpos'd
To mitigate their purchas'd wrath.
Galeot. 'Twas ſafely done, for ſuch ſeverity
Would too much exaſperate her friends.
Morel. Their ſentence is, ſhee muſt from that devout
Chaſte Colledge march, veſted in white, and with
A purifying Taper in her hand
To the Cathedrall Church.
Galeot. If *Alſophil* doe breed his honour with
Strict diſcipline, or have but any taſte
Of wiſdome in her Love, this imputation will
Divorce her from his eyes, my *Amaranta* then
Hath no impediment to terrifie her hopes;
Theſe miſchiefes make me more indebted to
My braine, in that they are obſcurely laid,
And I their guilty author am unknowne. ——— Enter *Amaranta.*
Amaranta. O Sir, if either teares or fervent prayers
Can move you to compaſſion, ſhew it now!
My woman halfe deprived of breath with her
Aſtoniſhment and haſt, imperfectly
Hath told me newes ſo ſad, would make a fierce
Young *Thraſian*-ſouldier weep before his Bride.
Galeot. This newes were ſad indeed! what is it? is it hoh!
Or, if it be too fearefull for ſpeech,
Bring here thy Lute, and breath it in a ſong.
Amaranta. My vertuous Rivall, poore *Arthiopa,*
Is in diſtreſſe; ſhee ſuffers ſhame, ſuch vile
Abuſe as lips well taught, will bluſh to utter of
afflicted Enemies.
Galeot. What is this to mee?
Amaranta. Sir ſhe's guiltleſly betray'd, I'll gage
My yet unſpotted fame, nay all
The Treaſure of my ſoule ſhe's moſt innocent;
Therefore I begge you would imploy your power
To take her from the rigour of the Law,
And puniſh thoſe that have perverted it
To exerciſe their cruelty.

Galeot. Away thou meeke religious foole, thee to
Thy cloſet, goe; and with thy needle forme
In ſhadow'd works, ſome ruthfull Lovers death,
Then weep the ſilly ſtory out, untill
Thy teares ſtaine all thy ſilke; Hence from my ſight.—
Amaran. Alas, thou wrong'd *Arthiopa*, thou canſt
Not hope for truer griefe then mine.
When other virgins ſhall lament thy death. ——— *Exit.*
Galeot. Morello, haſte, and lay out ſeverall ſpies
For *Altophil's* reproach, and bring mee word
To whom his earlieſt viſits are adreſs'd. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Altophil, Rampino, Bruſco, Hirco.*

Altophil. Hah! gone? there's treachery of State in this,
From her ſmall ſolitary manſion ta'en,
Where ſhe liv'd cloyſter'd up, cag'd like a bird,
To mourne my abſence in a penſive ſong;
Forc'd thence, and by ſterne Officers, *Hirco*,
What did the people ſay?
Hirco. I know not, Sir,
There is no truſting to their whiſperings:
Their murmurs are but noyſe, uncertaine, Sir,
And not to be believed.
Altophil. Good ſouldier ſpeake,
Deale juſty with his griefes; what did they ſay?
Hirco. Why Sir, they talk'd as if, pray doe not heare't,
All they diſcourſe is out of rage or drinke.
Altophil. I pray thee vex me not with thy o're wiſe
Ill manner'd Love, it is not ſafe; what did
they ſay?
Ramp. S'light, tell the Generall.
Hirco. Why if you needs will know, 'tis given out
She was convey'd to the holy Colledge, Sir,
The new purgation houſe, where witneſſes
Have ſeverally depos'd ſhee was unchaſte.
Altophil. Bliſters and rottenneſſe conſume thy tongue,
Villaine, thou haſt talk'd away thy life. ——— *drawes upon him.*
Bruſco. Oh, hold Sir, hold, can you enforce
A ſlander from him, and then puniſh it
Your ſelfe? your ſword upon your vaſſell too. —
Hirco, If Rogues will beare falſe witneſſe, can I help't
'Cauſe they loſe their ſoules, muſt I loſe my life?
Ramp. Galeotto, Sir, the favorite, may be
With argument enough ſuſpected Chiefe
In this conſpiracie.
Altophil. Thou doſt receive
My jealous feares with truth too nak'd
And evident to be conceal'd. What is
That holy Colledge he's in, madneſſe nam'd?

Ramp. A place to whip offenders for their luſt.
Altoph. O heavens! why is your buſineſſe ſo remote
And high that you can take no notice of
Such wrongs as theſe? was this the houſe thought fit
To entertaine *Arthiopa*? Furies
And Fiends aſcend; take up your dwelling here:
For all this goodly City I'll convert
Into one ſpreading fume; a fire ſo large
And hot, ſhall make the Rivers ſeethe, and Seas
To boyle without the trouble of a ſtorme.
Ramp. Kill all you meet, and burne the reſt that are
Impriſon'd or aſleepe.
Ramp. Let's thinke of rifling firſt, then fire ſhops after,
Though I muſt needs weare ſilkes, I doe not like
Flame-colour'd Taffata.
Hirco. I'ld faine to the Mercers too,
And fall a meaſuring with my yron yard.
Altophil. Wy *Bruſco*, doſt thou ſtand ſo lamely now;
When I perceive my injuries ſo great?
Our patience will be held no vertue, but a ſinne,
Draw up the ſcatter'd troopes that winter'd here.
Bruſco. O Sir, eaſe your diſtemper with
Your wiſer thoughts; the Prince you know's in towne,
He's gracious, and will doe you right; loſe not
The fame your noble youth hath juſtly merited,
With one raſh act, which muſt be treaſon call'd;
And ſo interpreted by all the Court:
Then thinke what danger a commotion here
Would urge, ſince *Hildebrand* the *Lombards* King,
(Our watchfull enemy) is now within
Ten leagues ſtrongly encamp'd. ——

Enter *Carthuſian*, *Arthiopa*, who is held by him, cloth'd in white, a Taper in her hand, people and boyes following her.

Altophil. What meanes this ſad and baſhfull ſpectacle,
My friends? What penitentiall Lady's that
You wait on with ſuch needleſſe courteſie?
You, Sir, ſpeak can you tell? are you all dumb? —— *they run from him as affraid.*
Here's one whoſe habite promiſes ſo much
Civility as will afford me a reply. —— *ſpeakes to the Carthuſian.*
Pray, Sir, inſtruct me in this Ladies name,
And what's the cauſe her penance is expos'd
Thus to the publique view?
Ramp. He's a *Carthuſian*, and by's order, ty'd
To a concealement of his tongue; he muſt not ſpeake.
Altophil. Sure I have had ſome knowledge of her face.
Arthiopa. 'Tis *Altophil*, the Lord of all my vowes,
Sweet Heaven let fall a cloud and hide me in't,

That

That my ſhame ſince undeſerv'd may be,
Conceal'd from all but you. I aske not for
Revenge from men, their juſtice I have felt
So cruell on my ſelfe, that I not dare
Wiſh it to thoſe who thus have injur'd mee.
Altophil. Mine eyes have been too bold;
It is not fit they ſhould diſcover her
In ſo much ſhame, yet it muſt be ſhe.
O heart! heart! if ever thou wert made for love,
Love would have weav'd thy ſtrings not of ſuch tough
And ſtubborne wire, but ſilke, ſuch as would cracke
With halfe that weight which hangs upon his griefe.
Arthiopa! ——
Arthiopa. Flie, flie, my Lord, and follow not this light,
It is that walking fire within the night
Miſleads the traveller, and like an
Unwholeſome miſt about it, needs muſt blaſt
Whom it ſhall tempt to wander from his wits.
Altophil. Stay, ſtay, 'tis inſtant death to take her hence;
Though all your tyrants of the Law were here,
They would fall downe, downe at her feet, and hide
Their anticke faces, that doe fright poore priſoners more
Then their falſe ſentence when they're halfe aſleep.
Forgive me reverend Sir, I know in this
Your Office you but ſerve ſome high command;
Lend me this Lady for a ſhort diſcourſe,
And on my honour I'll reſtore her to
Your charge; the Lawes ſhall be exactly ſatisfi'd. —— *takes her aſide.*
Arthiopa. Surely *Altophil* th'art lately come from heaven;
For this is more then humane courteſie
To owne a luckleſſe virgine, ſo much loſt
In ſorrow and diſtreſſe.
Altophil. Preſerve thy teares;
This is a wicked place, ſuch pretious drops
Should not bedew unhallowed ground, thy infamy
Is meant to me, and thou art puniſh'd for
My envi'd Love; I muſt be ſo, the proofes
Are pregnant that perſwade my faith.
Arthiopa. My ſorrowes will ſeeme eaſie to me, though
accompany'd with death, ſuch is the joy
I take, that you believe mee guiltleſſe of
A crime, which, though I bluſh to name, yet I
Muſt owne before the world in puniſhment.
The Angells, if they had but leaſure to
Deſcend, would teſtifie I am betrayed.
Altophil. And I *Arthiopa*, to vindicate
Thy fame (yet ſhew obedience to the Lawes)
In theſe injurious penitentiall weeds,

Will

Will leade thee ſtreight unto that Church,
To which thy penance is preſcrib'd, and there
I'll marry thee in ſcorne of all the dull
Abuſed world; goe on. ——————————— *Shee kneeles.*

Arthiopa. O, Sir, though I
Am ſtrictly chaſte, moſt true and loyall to
Your Love, reſpect the honour of your Houſe
(Renown'd in war, and forraigne Courts) how will
It be defil'd, when y'are ally'd not unto me
Alone? but to my ſhame, that is a ſtaine
So deepe and publique now, not all my teares,
Though they could fall in ſhowres, will waſh't away?

Altophil. Goe on, my reſolution needs no vowes.

Bruſco. Where is your reaſon, Sir? you that are wiſe
Enough to governe Armies in their rage,
In your owne fury, now ſhould be ſo wiſe
To rule your ſelfe; though this ſweet Ladies truth
And vertues ſacred are, and firme to our
Beliefe; yet in the high importance of
A wife, you ſhould take care to match where not
A ſingle doubt, though ne're ſo weake, could be
By Envie urg'd?

Arthiopa. Sir, you have borrow'd much
Of time; much have you ſeene, and ſpeake from all
Diſcreet experience, and your Love I know:
You love your Duke; therefore in this advice
You have my thanks ſincerely from my ſoule.

Altophil. Old man, could'ſt thou convey thy heart into
My breaſt, and ſo poſſeſſe my griefe: could'ſt thou
With my ſubdu'd moyſt eyes behold the great
Gonſalvo's daughter, Miſtreſſe of my life,
Diſgrac'd thus, like the peoples ſinfull off-ſpring
In the ſtreet; how would it ſtir thy blood?
And then to know her ſufferance treacherouſly
Contriv'd by power; one that did malice all
Our holy vowes, I'll not indure't; — burne, burne
The towne; kill, kill all you meet.

Hu co. *Rampino*, raiſe the old garriſon i'th Citadell,
I'll to the Sconſe behind the bridge.

Ramp. Since they doe love to ſee a ſouldiers Miſtreſſe
In a white ſheet, wee'll ſee their wives in their
Smockes too before night.

Bruſc. Stay, ſtay, is this your love unto your Generall?
Or thirſt to pillage and to blood ———

Arthiop. Sir, let me quench your anger with my teares;
Upon my knees let me requeſt you leave
Me to mine owne misfortune, and the Lawes,
This dangerous act would violate all your

Allegiance to the Prince.

Brusc. Thinke on your selfe, and us that must depend
Upon your better hopes.

Alsoph. My faire white mourner, rise;
You with your Priesty office, leade the way;
'Tis to the Church, shee shall obey the Law.
Hold high the Taper, and move boldly on;
Know inur'd *Hymen*, 'tis thy torch, and this
My wedding day; disswade me not, my soule
Hath vow'd it, and 'tis seal'd in heavn, you that
Affect your Generall, follow, and afford
Me streight your shouts of joy, not wealth,
Wisdome nor honour, is to me above *(Severall shouts are heard within.*
The fame and resolution of my Love. ——— *Exeunt omne, and streight se-*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Brusco, Hirco.*

Brusco. HIrco, have you appeas'd the mutiny
The Generalls discontents did raise
Amongst his frie of friends, our tatter'd camp-
Companions in the streets?

Hirco. All's quiet now,
They sadly weare their fingers in their pockets,
Which they did hope ere this should have beene us'd
In telling Pistolets and Chickeens. ——— *Enter Rampino.*

Brusco. Rampino, 'tis expected you bring peace.

Ramp. Two houres I have beene preaching on
A stall to certaine Carre-men that took't ill
In a good cause they might not hang with our
Cast troops, to pull downe houses, and so rob
An hereticall new Church or two; but they
Are gone swearing, and well edified: come,
What newes? Is our Generall marry'd?

Brusco. Not yet.

Ramp. How? not marri'd?

Brusco. No, some small spie that watch'd
Which way the current of his discontents
Would runne, convey'd it to the Court, and streight
The Prince himselfe sent to forbid the banes.

Ramp. The embers are but cover'd yet, I feare
When they are stirr'd, the fire will flame agen.

Brusc. Our Duke convey'd the Lady to his house;
Repair'd to Court, where the kind Prince with praise
And joy receiv'd him in his open armes.

Ramp. This

Ramp. This qualifies the heat of our affaires.

Bruſco. He then laid out for thoſe ſpies that were
Suborn'd againſt his Ladies fame, who with
Severe inquiry being produc'd, had ſtrict
Examination from the Prince; a while
They juſtified their oaths; but ſtill
Falſhood betray'd it ſelfe: for when
He urg'd for names of perſons, time and place,
With doubtfull termes, and words diſ-joynted, they
Began to ſtammer out their evidence;
Then *Altophil* claimes leave he may preſent
Their worſhips with an odde engine of pleaſure.

Ramp. Which courteous politcians call a Rocke.

Bruſc. The ſame, and each with painfull leiſure was
Slowly wound up. ———

Ramp. Like a huge Jack-weight, by a weake ſicke wench.

Bruſc. Right, Sir, and then they both confeſs'd that Saint
Goleotto brib'd them to this perjury.
And know my joy-ſweet, wanting men of war,
He is by'th Prince impriſon'd in the fort.

Ramp. An excellent Prince, by this hand he ſha'not want:
Firſt I'll forgive him all my pay; then *Hirco*,
Thou ſhall lend him money.

Hirco. Excuſe me, Sir,
Upon ſecuritie, not elſe; I've been
Too often bit that way already. Retire Gentlemen.

Enter *Aſcoli*, *Altophil*, *Galeotto*, who is held by the Gard.

Aſcol. Though thou haſt ſo behav'd thy ſelfe in war
With wiſe directions, and a valiant arme,
That fortune cannot boaſt a ſhare in thy
Fam'd victories; yet I muſt chide thee *Altophil*,
Since being mine, and ſo much lov'd, thou couldſt
Unto a Lady give thy ſelfe away,
Not freed by my conſent.

Altoph. Sir, I have ask'd your pardon, and believe
My joyes you did leſſen with your ſorrowes,
To make them by your kindneſſe now more full.

Aſcol. This ſeparation will be ſhort, for ſince
Your Miſtreſſe innocence is by her falſe accuſers
Clear'd unto the world,
Your Nuptialls I will celebrate with all
The glory I can adde to'th triumph of
A friend; and you *Galeotto*, ſhall receive
Such puniſhment as ſhall declare
My juſtice equall to your crime.

Galeot. Sir, I confeſſe your favour lifted me
To hope alliance with the noble Duke,
Which, had I lawfully contriv'd, perhaps,

Th'ambition had not much been blam'd;
But I am left: nor would I begge
Forgiveneſſe of your Lawes, but of your ſelfe,
And next my Lord of you; be pleas'd to thinke
The wrong were not of malice but of pride.
Altophil. Not the eldeſt Divell with his long practice had
The skill to lay on me ſo great a wrong,
But I could pardon it: unleſſe when I
Perceive the whiteneſſe of my Miſtreſſe vertue ſtain'd,
Betray'd to penance too, it were a cruelty
The Fiends would ſooner weepe at then commend.
Galeot. Then I'll provide to ſuffer, and to ſcorne
That fate I cannot alter with my prayer.
Aſcoli. Thou, once the health, art poyſon now to ſight,
'Tis wholſomer to looke upon the *Baſiliske*;
Perfidious to my friend! but where's *Rangone*,
That went to fetch your Miſtreſſe? *Altophil*,
I never ſaw her yet; truſt mee you are
A cunning Lover, ſo long conceal'd
The beauty you admire. ——— *Enter Rangone, Arthiopa richly attyr'd.*
Rangone. Madam, your ſweetneſſe doth deſerve the beſt
Of joyes; and I have brought you where they are.
Aſcoli. What light is this, that ere the day is ſpent
Breakes like a ſecond morning in our eyes,
While all that's ſhining elſe ſhewes like a ſhade
About her beames, ſweet as the pretious ſmoake
Aſcending from the funerall fire o'th long-
Liv'd bird of *Arabia*. ———
Rangone. You ſent me for this Lady, Sir, will you
Not ſpeake to her? ſee where thee kneeles.
Aſcoli. O me! if I have trespaſs'd in neglect,
Forgive thy beauty, and not it's that
Hath forc'd my wonder to adore what I
(Perhaps) by th'lawes of courteſie ſhould firſt
Salute. ———
Arthiopa. Sir, though I never fear'd my ſtocke
Of modeſtie ſo ſmall, that I could want
It for my neceſſary uſe; yet I
Shall need to borrow blushes, if you lay
More beautie to my charge then I dare owne.
Aſcoli. Where have I liv'd, that I could never heare
Sweet muſique untill now? O *Altophil*!
I finde the treaſure of thy love ſo great,
That were it mine, I ſhould not blame
The envie of a friend; ſince from the exceſſe
Of judgement, when it values things at full,
Our envie growes, it is our nicity
To call that envie ſtraine.

Altophil. What

Altophil. What meanes the Prince?
Aſcoli. Was ſhe that was ſo delicate, and ſoft as is
The purple fleece of Clowds? was ſhe thought fit
T'indure the rigour o'th perverted Law?
Convey the traytor hence, and never more
Preſume to ſet thy treacherous foot upon
The confines of my Land.
Arthiop. I,ſo yo'uld vouchſafe to make my mercy an
Example unto yours, I ſhall forgive his cruelties.
Aſcoli. It were an injury to heaven; away,
If the next time I in my Dominions ſpy
This loathed face, thy life is forfeited.
Galeot. Sir, I'll preſume yo'uld thinke my daughter had
No ſhare in my unluckie guilt; therefore
It were not like your uſuall juſtice, ſhe
ſhould ſuffer in my loſſe.
Aſcoli. She is too good for thy ſociety,
Her vertues ſhall preſerve her here.
Galeot. Peace crowne you at home, and victory abroad. — *Exit with*
Aſcol. Know, *Altophil*, my darkeſt thoughts are not *(the Gard.*
So ſecret to my ſelfe, but I dare truſt
Thy knowledge with them, and be ſafe.
Why then ſhould thy intentions or deſires
Be hid from me? I faine would ſound thy breaſt
With a new queſtion; prithee give me leave?
Altophil. Sir, I am borne to follow your command.
Aske what you pleaſe; if I want knowledge here
To ſatisfie your doubt, I'll ſtudie to
Know more; pray ſpeake.
Aſcol. It is decree'd by th' powers above (whom no
Dull earthly mediation can diſſwade
Or alter) I muſt needs marry faire
Arthiopa.
Altophil. I look'd for comfort, Sir,
From your conſent, not trouble from your doubts.
Aſcoli. It is inevitable then, as the
Conjunction of th'illuſtrious Planets are,
That needs muſt meet; elſe all the Spheres will ſtreight
Be out of tune; time breake his glaſſe, and throw
The ſand in the Sunn's eyes to make him winke,
And leave us in the darke. Speake, muſt it be?
Or elſe you both will ſuffer an eclipſe?
Make anſwer from thy kinde thoughts? is it
Decreed?
Altophil. It is: and nought can alter it but death.
Aſcoli. How hardly then hath nature dealt with us:
For we are priſoners all; all circumſcrib'd,
And to our limits ty'd: the fortunate

And luckleſſe are alike: for thou art with
As ſtri't neceſſitie unto thy happineſſe
Confin'd, as others to their evill fate.
Altoph. To be her priſner, Sir, is to be free;
Nor can I wiſh my bondage off, whil'ſt I
Am fetter'd in her armes.
Aſcol. You'll give mee leave
To try how far your Miſtreſſe hath ingag'd
Her faith, and not be jealous, *Altophil.*
Altoph. I'll truſt ſuch vertue with mine enemy. —— *Aſcoli withdrawes with Arthiopa.*
Ah me! where is a Lovers wealth? what joy
Is there of beauty, when once conceal'd, more then
Of Jewels in the darke? but when reveal'd,
We ſtand to th' hazard of anothers claime.
Rangone. I doe not like this alteration in the Prince,
If he doth love, I feare it is too late.
Aſcol. Oh do not promiſe ſo much comfort in
Your lookes, and in your language breathe diſpaire.
'Tis like fantaſtick *April*, that ere-while
With gaudy Sunne beames ſmil'd upon the *Spring*,
And in a minutes ſpace gathers the blacke
Thicke clouds about his brow to make a ſtorme;
Have you no pitie left?
Arthiopa. My pitie, Sir, you'll hardly entertaine,
Since it muſt come alone without reliefe.
Aſcol. Why were you truſted with ſuch beautious wealth,
And make ſuch haſtie bargaines for your ſelfe?
Could you have skill to know the value of
Your love, and give it all way at once?
Arthiopa. Sir, I beſeech you doe not urge me to
Deny, what in your gentler clemencie
You ſhould forbeare to aske, heaven made my vowes,
And they are *Altophils.*
Aſcoli. No more, my treſpaſſe I'll decline, though I
Augment my griefes; my *Altophil* farewell. —— *takes him by the hand.*
When thou doſt heare me ſicke, thinke what diſeaſe
Arthiopa's neglect might once have bred
In thee, then mourne me at that rate;
Rangone, come, leade to the Cypreſſe grove. —— *Exit Aſcoli, Rangone.*
Altophil. Thou art as much unfortunate as faire.
But ſmile upon thy ſtars, perhaps they may
Be ſooth'd into a kinder influence.
The Prince is noble, and in's wildome will
Digeſt this fit that ſhakes him out of frame:
Theſe Gentlemen have ſhar'd with mee the ſharpe
Calamities of war; give them your hand. —— *Bruſc. Ramp. Hirc. kiſſe her hand.*
Take care my valiant friends here in the towne,
You give example of a ſober diſcipline. —— *Exeunt Altophil, Arthiopa.*

Brusc. A rare creature.
Rang. No sweet meat in the world
Is like the conserve of a Ladies hand.
Hirco. She'll thinke o'th' *Hircos* this twelve-month by way
Of a full busse; I laid it roundly on.
Ramp. Why you came last, Sir, and kist but her wrist,
Her hand was melted before into my mouth; ah.— *Enter Friskin, Ramp.*
Brusc. What Planet-strucke? (*spies him, and starts backe.*
Hirco. 'Tis his Taylor, he owes him money.
Ramp. How did the Rascall finde me out? I shift
My lodging as often as conveniently
I can remove my Truncks; thrice in two dayes,
Would's needle stucke acrosse his throat.
Friskin. Signior *Rampino.* —
Ramp. Signior *Friskin*, —— I thought it should be you.
And how deare heart, and how, how does thy wife?
My Godson too at nurse; I've a little whistle
For him, 'tis comming in the Generalls Court.
Friskin. All well Signior,
Doe the wars thrive, Sir;
Is there any money stirring?
Ramp. Faith some of us here,
By our continuall practice, know a Ducket
From a Counter, w've mauld King *Hieldebrand.*
Friskin. We heare he is encamp'd som ten leagues hence.
Ramp. Yes, we have put him to his Sallads, like
A sawcy Frog upon anothers meadow.
Friskin. Signior, there is an old debt.
Ramp. Do'st thou thinke I have forgot it? I prithee
What skirt's in fashion now the Jacket-way;
Downe to the hammes?
Friskin. No Sir, fixe in a ranke;
But Sir, the debt is old.
Ramp. I, I, with all my heart; how are their cloaks?
A square-full cape?
Friskin. Just as you left them, Sir;
Would you would thinke upon your debt.
Ramp. Do'st thinke I doe not; I prithee bring me but
A patterne of a Polish coat, I'd weare it loose
And short; pray Gentlemen know my friend; believ't
I'd rather see him sit crosse-legg'd then any man
In *Lumbardy*; his thimble on, and's needle thus —
He'll runne a tilt through cloth two inches thicke.
Brusco. Is he so excellent? he shall make my cloaths.
Hirco. And mine too, if he please.
Friskin. Have they any sorts, Sir, are they well stor'd?
Ramp. A brace of rich close cutmudginely fellowes,
Thou seest they care not what their outside is,

So their pockets be well lin'd.

Friskin. It seemes they are a little careleſſe, Sir, indeed;
Where is your lodging now?

Ramp. In troth 'twill be in the old manſion neere
The Palace yard, till ſix of clocke at night,
But then I muſt remove, the Fidlers doe
So often waken me with their mutton'd Gridyrons
And good-morrowes, I cannot ſleepe for them;
I'll ſend thee word where I ſhall fix.

Friskin. And you'll remember, Sir, my bill.

Ramp. Do'ſt thinke I'll faile;
I prithee bring thy weights
Along with thee, we ſhall elſe wrangle about light gold.

Friskin. Y'are welcome, Sir, to towne.

Ramp. Away, leſt we be vex'd againe with new
Solicitors for the old cauſe. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Galeotto, Gandolpho, Morello.*

Galeott. Is *Amaranta* ſent for by the Prince?

Morello. She is, but for what uſe I could not learne;
My brother, whom your former bounties have
Preferr'd, and late made Captaine of the Fort,
Is come, Sir, to bewaile your miſeries,
And proffer all his ſervice, to make knowne,
Your loſſe cannot diſſwade his gratitude.

Gandol. My Lord, from low deſervings you have rais'd
Me to the beſt command this place affords
A ſouldiers hope, but if my life can pay
Your bountie, I will keepe it for that uſe.

Galeotto. Your natures are ſo thankfull, Gentlemen,
For little benefits, that I am taught,
If ever I can reach my former power,
To oblige more friends, though with a greater charge.

Morello. My Lord, your wiſdome hath the skill to cure
A diſeaſe ſtronger then your fortune feeles.

Galeotto. Greatneſſe hath ſtill a little taint i'th blood;
And often 'tis corrupted neere the heart;
But theſe are not diſeases held, till by
The Monarch ſpide, who our ambition feeds
Till't ſurfets with his love; nor doe wee ſtrive
To cure or take it from our ſelves, but from
His eyes, and then our medicine wee apply
Like th'weapon-ſalve, not to our ſelves, but him
Who was the ſword that made the wound; and this
State medicine is compos'd of flattering induſtry,
And ſuch falſe cures as like to falſe alarmes
Fright men to feare danger, when none is neere,
Still vex'd, and buſie to no reall uſe,
As drones that keepe moſt noyſe about the hive,

And then devour the politique Court Flies
What foolish Bees bring on their weary thighes.
Morel. These Lectures (my *Gandolpho*) shew a braine
That will preserve him, spight of power; my Lord,
My brother is your owne, and wee will share
The hazard of your fortune.
Galeotto. The Captaine hath a valiant soule; and I
Perhaps may use him in a close designe,
That i'th successe will richly pay his love.
Gandolpho. When y'are most confident of me, you can't
Expect so much as I'll performe me.
Galeotto. Enough; *Morello*, Sir, shall undertake
For my beliefe, to all you dare
Make promise of; if you will please to bring
Me to the Ports, where short the allowance of
My time will force mee take a sad farewell,
I'll breathe my love, and businesse to you both ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Altophil*, *Arthopa*.

Altoph. Gladnesse possesse my Mistresse thoughts; I'm told
The Count *Rangone* from the Prince is now
Alighted at my gates, good newes I hope;
For though we live as in a covent here,
Thou as my Nunne, to morrow may proclaime
This house a Court, and you my cheerfull Bride.
Arthop. The frownes of heav'n is to the vertuous like
Those thicke darke clouds, poore wand'ring Sea-men spie,
Which oft fore-tell their happinesse, and shew
The long expected land is neere ——— Enter *Rangone*, *Amaranta her face vail'd.*
Rangone. Felicity and everlasting fame
Betide the noble Generall: thus I
Am bid salute you from our mighty Prince.
Altophil. I am the creature of his power and will.
Rangone. I with this gentle greeting must present
The richest treasure nature in her last
Declining stocke of beauty could afford
The world, behold it and admire, ——— *Unvailes Amaranta, who weepes.*
Her eyes dissolving thus in teares, should teach
Thy heart to melt; for know, thou cruell Lord,
She long hath chastly sickned for thy love.
Altophil. Alas, unluckie maid! how can thy griefes
Expect comfort from him that knowes not to
Redresse his owne?
Amaranta. Yet, Sir, I hope 'tis in
Your power t'excuse th'unwilling error of
My modesty; I surely am the first
Sad Lady ever was constrain'd to seeke
Her Lover, and then woo him too, but 'tis
The Prince hath forc'd mee here to nourish my

Affection with your reall ſight, that elſe
Had been conceal'd, and with your ſhadow fed.
Arthiopa. Poore *Amaranta*, I muſt needs lament
The malice of thy fortune, though
My pity ſhewes unkindneſſe to my ſelfe.
Rangone. Sir, my Commiſſion's to aske, if you
Can love and celebrate this Ladie for
Your wife; and our kinde Prince, beſides the forfeited
Poſſeſſions of her fathers wealth, will to
her dowrie adde honours and lands, untill
You ſhare his royaltie.
Altophil. Too ſoone this am'rous Riddle is reſolv'd;
He Loves *Arthiopa*, and would
Enforce mee wed this Ladie, to aſſure
More eaſie way for's owne deſires.
Arthiopa. O, *Altophil*, were I not well
Inſtructed in thy loyaltie, how ſoone
Her beautie, and theſe ſoothing hopes would throw
Me cold into the armes of death.
Altophil. Sir, you muſt carry to the Prince what I
Was never wont to ſend; a harſh deniall of
His ſuite: and give me leave to ſay 'tis troubleſome,
And too ſevere.
Amaranta. How am I lately hardened with the uſe
Of ſorrowes, that I can liſten to
My angrie doome and live?
Rangone. Summon your wife,
Your kinder thoughts, and make ſuch reply
As I may joy in the deliverie;
And ſoone procure a mutuall happineſſe.
Altphil. To court me to a better knowledge of my bliſſe
Then I alreadie underſtand,
Were but a vaine attempt; I am reſolv'd
Within the chaſte embraces of theſe armes
To live or die.
Amaranta. My eares have forfeited their faculti'e ſlow
Why ſhould they ſtill preſerve their ſenſe, that could
Not for a while be deafe, but needs muſt hearken to
My evill fate?
Rangone. Sir, pardon mine obedience to my Prince;
For I ſhall execute a ſad command:
You of the Guard, lay hold upon the Duke. —— *Enter the Guard, and ſeize on Altophil.*
Altophil. Feare not, *Arthiopa*, ſome joy remaines
I'th hopes we ſhall not be divided in
Our ſufferings.
Rangone. Shee is my priſoner, Sir,
And muſt to Court, whilſt you and *Amaranta* ſtay
Confin'd together in this houſe.

Altophil. Falſe

Altopil. Falſe Prince, how cunning is thy crueltie?
Arthiopa, Leſt we had courage left t'expect an end
Of all our calamities, this way was found
To make us yet more certaine of deſpaire.
Rangone. In this, Sir, you perceive the intricate
Though powerfull influence of love, that doth
Pervert moſt righteous natures to attempt
Unjuſt deſignes, his Godhead is not full knowne,
And's miſeries have beene but dully taught
To men: for I am charged to ſay this new
Conſtraint is but a ſad experiment
To trie if you to *Amaranta* can
Pay equall love for hers, and nice *Arthiopa,*
Returne unto the Prince, what's paſſions now
May challenge as a debt.
Arthiopa. O, my true Lord,
Shall wee ne'r meet agen, and tell our thoughts?
Which ſtill we found too like, as if we two
Had but one heart wherein we gave them formes?
Altophil. 'T were ſinne to have no hope, wee'll change our ſtarres,
For there are many more will gladly take
Protection of our loves.
Rangone. My time was limited, my witneſſe is
Become my charge, and muſt to Court.
Arthiopa. Sir, give me leave, but to ſalute this Lady,
Whoſe friendſhip, though of noble worth, I ſhall
Too ſoone receive, too ſoone (I feare) forſake;
You, gentle *Amaranta,* muſt enjoy
Your bleſſed habitation here, here with
My Lord, whom I would faine commend, not to
Your care, but your neglect; for know,
We in our virgin-baſhfulneſſe eſteeme
Solicitation and addreſſe, a more
Undoubted ſinne, then our diſdaine.
Amaran. Madam, I'm here a priſ'ner too, and will
Expect like others, in harſh times diſtreſs'd
His pitie, not reliefe; I'll hope for that,
If you'll permit without a jealouſie.
Arthiopa. Preſerve me in thy kind remembrance, *Altophil.*
Altophil. What other uſe have I of memory,
When I have conceal'd the records of thee?
Arth. Sir, I am loath to leave this Ladie here,
Impriſonment is cruell to a Maid;
Was it the Princes will ſhee needs muſt ſtay?
Rangone. I have receiv'd it in a ſtrict command.
Arthiopa. O *Altophil!* Sir, let me hide mine eyes;
It were ſome crime 'gainſt them, thus to forſake
Their chiefeſt joy, and let them ſee it too.

Altophil. Since *Amaranta*, wee
Must strive to woo, let's learne no mortall love
That's dangerous, and quickly ends; but trie
To make't eternall which is first to die. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Brusco*, *Rampino*, *Hirco*, their swords drawne, a noyse of Drummes first heard a farre off.

Rampino. ALl's lost, the towne is taken, w'are betray'd,
That cursed Traytor *Galeotto* sold
Us like tame feeble sheep to *Heildebrand*,
The *Lombards* King, whom false *Morello* (taught
Ly's masters Art) gave in the sleepie houre
Of night a secret entrance through the Westerne Port.
Hirco, No courage left? is th'Citadell surpriz'd?
Brusco. Past all recoverie? *Gandolpho*, hee
That was preferr'd to the command of it
Some two yeeres since, by'th treacherous favorite,
At his designe made a surrender to
The filching King, that hath not overcome,
But stolne us to captivitie.
Ramp. What drowsie ignorance possess'd the Prince
To trust with such important power, one whom
He knew a traytor to that Villaines lust?
Brusc. I, there his reason shew'd herselfe bewitch'd;
When he had banish'd *Galeotto*, and
Incens'd his very soule to all malignitie
That his invenom'd gall could ere produce;
Then to put trust in those he had preferr'd? ——— Enter *Rangone.*
Rangone. O Gentlemen? to what unseasonable use
Doe you advance your weapons, as you meant
To threaten the victorious foe? when we
Are so much past the likelihood of helpe,
That all resistance you can make is but
To hasten on the forfeit of your lives.
Brusco. If channells must o'reflow with blood, they shall
Be fed from proudest veines that highest swell;
Theirs who would emptie ours shall open too
Ramp. Why should we calmly die, as if we had
Drunke cold Mandragona, and breathe our soules
Out in our sleepe, departing with lesse noyse
Then in en that dreame they die; let's venture to
Regaine the Fort.
Hirco. There are enow to make

Scalladees

Scalladoes left, that have not yeelded up
Their armes; if wee muſt fall, it is as good
Doe't climbing as thus ſtanding ſtill.
Rang. Your forces are too weake, 'tis fortifi'd
Alreadie with two Regiments of *Switz*.
I know you thinke, I am as much inclin'd
To hazard, as that man, who dares the moſt
In glory or revenge: but this attempt
Will onely ſerve t'incenſe ſterne *Heildebrand*
Againſt our Prince and *Altophil*; who with
Arthiopa are priſoners, and given
To *Galeotto's* power as a reward:
Firſt promiſs'd him to purchaſe his loſt faith.
Brufco. The Prince our Generall, and his Miſtreſſe too
All ta'ne? the deſtinies are growne too curſt, —— *Drummes a farre off.*
Stand cloſe, and make this paſſage good.
Enter *Heildebrand*, *Goleotto*, *Morello*, *Gandolpho*, Souldiers.
Heildebrand. What left miſ-taken ſoules are theſe? who but
A piece and remnant of diſcourag'd ſtrength
Preſume defiance ſtill, when all the reſt
Have lately yeelded to our power? Bid them
(*Galeotto*) give their weapons up.
Galeot. Why, Gentlemen doe you vainly tempt
A danger from his wrath, that not delights
To ruine where his mercy is implor'd?
Preſent him your unpromptable ſwords,
And I'll procure a full aſſurance of
Your lives and liberties.
Rang. Kindneſſe ſounds ill in a traytors tongue,
If you had loyall held unto your Prince,
Such mediation had been out of uſe.
Galeot. This langnage is too bold; it doth proclaime
Your anger great, and your diſcretion ſmall.
But ſuch untimely choller, know, I can
As eaſily forgive as ſcorne, and will
Requite it, (if you'll yet ſubmit) with a
Protection of your throats, that elſe are in
Great danger to ſwallow no more new wine.
Morel. The counſell that hee gives you is not fit
To be refus'd.
Gandolpho. Y'our brothers of the campe; is it not better
To live and ſpend your pay, when you can get it,
Then die, and have it laid out in fun'rall plumes?
Heildebr. If you will hazard death we can afford it,
If you with taking but a little paines
Stand ſtill and ſmile whil'ſt it is done, If you'll
Deſerve to live, you ſhall enjoy the ſame
Kinde mercy wee afford the towne; be free

And ſtill protected by your former lawes;
But firſt yeeld up your ſwords.
Bruſco. Our ſwords are all our wealth, take thoſe away
And we are left to poverty and ſhame.
Hirco. Your grant already hath allow'd our Citizens
The preſervation of their lands and goods,
Ramp. Shall we fare worſe then retailers of ſmall wares?
Heildebrand. The tribute of your Armes wee'll but poſſeſſe
Till night; and then on th' honour of a King,
They ſhall be all reſtor'd.
Rangone. In our reſiſtance, Gentlemen, vainly
We give away our lives; let us preſerve
Them rather for our Princes future uſe.
Bruſco. Since it muſt be, make anſwer as you pleaſe.
Rangone. Upon your Kingly word we yeeld.
Heildebr. Diſarme, and leade them to our Court du-gard,
Where, when you have enroll'd their names, take care (*ſwords.*
That our engagement be made good. —— *Souldiers take away their*
Ramp. I pray looke to the Ribbon on
The Hilt, it is a widowes favour. ——— *Exeunt Rang. Bruſco, Ramp.*
Heildebr. Where's (*Galeotto*) your priſoners? (*Hirco, ſouldiers.*
Galeotto. Safely confin'd in my owne houſe, and now,
According to your royall grant, I crave
The full diſpoſing of their lives.
Heildeb. Take our conſent, we ne're will leſſen what
At firſt our bountie did aſſure; but then
Your ſecret promiſe muſt be ſtraight perform'd.
Galeotto. At night, or let mee forfeit all your truſt.
Heildebr. Leade to the City-Senate, that wee may
Receive their homage, and confirme their Lawes,
Still weare your ſecret promiſe in your thoughts. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Aſcoli, Altophil, Arthiopa,* their armes bound.

Aſcoli. My fall from Soveraigne title and command,
My loſſe of that which nature worſt can miſſe,
My pleaſant liberty; thus being bound
Like a cheap ſlave, that's ſold for leſſe, then buyes
The conqueror the riots of one meale.
Not all theſe ſuffrings make me mourne ſo much
As my ſhort ſeparation of your loves.
Yet, when I ſaw her faith was ſo oblig'd
And knit unto your vertues, *Altophil,*
I did reſigne my nuptiall hopes, and gave
Her loyaltie the praiſe and reverence due
Unto a Saint.
Arthiopa. Your uſage, Sir, I have
Confeſs'd, was noble, though unfortunate,
And I ſhall finde ſcarce teares enough left to lament
My owne captivitie, when I behold

My

My mourning Lords and yours.

Altophil. Would there were here
Some flowrie banke, ſhaded with Cypreſſe, Ewe
And Sycamore, whoſe melancholie brow
Hangs o're a little diſcontented brooke
That ever murmurs, as it wiſely knew
It travell'd to ſome River that muſt ſoone
Convey it to the Sea, where they are both
In trouble with the bounds and loſt. Here wee
Would ſit, comparing mighty Courts to greater Seas,
Where Lovers like ſmall Rivelets are vex'd
A while, and then o'rewhelm'd. A rurall reſidence
Neere Woods and Meads, though it be humble, is
The place, where we may love and be ſecure.

Altophil. Why then did my too valiant father, and
Thy ſelfe diſquiet all the peacefull world
With hunting after fame? loaden and cruſh'd
In heavie armour for the chaſe? toyling
To get us this renowne and eminence,
Which ſince hath ruin'd our content? O that
We firſt had met in Shepheards homely weeds!

Altophil. I, my *Arthiopa*, or that wee now
Might ſo enjoy our libertie; then if
Ambition did inflame my thoughts to aime
At victories, I ſhould not combate for a Crowne,
But wreſtle for ſome Chaplet wreath'd by thee
Of Daffadills and Pinks.

Aſcoli. How kindly wee
Should take o'th Celeſtiall Governours,
If they would make theſe wiſhes reall truth?
And mee ſome neighb'ring Villager that came
To joy, and wonder at your loves, to court
The beauties of your Miſtreſſe mind, my *Altophil*,
Such Rivalſhip is noble, though 'tis new.

Enter *Galeotto*, *Gandolpho*, *Morello*, Souldiers.

Altophil. Appeare and let thy rage inflict her worſt.
'Las! poore Traytor! how dull thy miſchiefes are,
How weake, that canſt invent no puniſhment
To quit thy daughters ſtill neglected Love!
But what wee'll ſuffer, and embrace with ſcorne.

Aſcoli. Performe thy malice; come, that wee may laugh
To thinke how all poſterity will urge
Thy deeds in railing Proverbs to expreſſe
Diſloyaltie.

Arthiopa. And Maids, when they but heare thy name,
Shall croſſe themſelves in ſuperſtitious feare.

Morello. Theſe are but dang'rous crabbed complements
To him that holds your lives in his command.

Right

Galeot. Right, Sir, if I could eaſily remove
My gall from off my liver to my heart;
But now I take no joy in bitterneſſe:
Thus I requite their wrath, unbind them ſtraight.—*Souldier unbind them.*
Altophil. How's this! What may the courteſie portend?
Galeot. Waſte not your wonder, Sir, it is no dreame.
Altophil. His ſinfull nature is converted ſure.
Galeot. Now, being all made free, you, *Altophil*,
And faire *Arthiopa*, have but exchang'd
Theſe fetters to be joyn'd in everlaſting bonds.
Start not, they are but Matrimoniall cords;
And eaſie to be worne, though ne're unty'd
Such manacles you'll gladly enter in.
Arthiop. My prayers have found the neereſt way to heaven,
How quickly they were heard.
Thoſe ſtaines are all
Wip'd off, that ſo disfigur'd thee, thy brow
Is quite unwrinckled now, and growes ſo ſmooth,
Thou wilt not know it in thy former glaſſe.
Aſcol. Galeotto! this reſtores thee to thy kinde
Eſteeme agen; whil'ſt I behold their happineſſe,
I can forgive thy ſtealth upon my ſtate.
Galeot. Convey thoſe Lovers to their bridall chamber,
And let the ceremoniall rites be ſuch
As I directed them.
Altophil. Come my *Arthiopa*, gladneſſe ſhall leave
No roome for Virgin-bluſhes in thy cheeks. — *Exeunt Morello, Altophil, Arthiopa.*
Aſcol. Is my employment void, muſt I not goe
And helpe to celebrate this bleſſed houre?
Galeot. No, Sir, you have a greater buſineſſe of
Your owne, and may be thought as happy too,
If you will prove as wiſe in your conſent
As I am kind to offer it.
Aſcol. Inſtruct me better what you meane.
Galeot. You ſee how your moſt rigourous doome upon
My perſon and my wealth, enforc'd mee to
Such wayes in my revenge, as ſince have made
Me apt for more ambitious hopes then thoſe
I loſt; This froward Duke held my alliance in
Unhallowed worth: Now hee is more in my
Contempt; for you (his Maſter, Sir) I thinke
Fitter to chooſe my daughter as a wife.
Aſcol. There's myſtery in this diſcourſe.
Galeot. 'Tis eaſie, Sir, when you conceive, that I
By marriage now remove *Arthiopa*
From your deſires.
Aſcol. But I have made a vow,
Since ſhe ſeverely did refuſe the firſt

Moſt

Moſt lawfull paſſions that I ever felt,
All other beauty ſhall appeare too late.

Galeotto. Thoſe are but ſilly vowes, which Amoriſts
In choller make, when they have vainly ſpent
A froſtie night, with ſinging Madrigalls
To ſome coy Miſtreſſe; whil'ſt her windowes ſhut,
Conſider, this perform'd, my power with *Heildebrand*
May keepe you yet in your Dominions free,
Some ſlender yeerly tribute being paid.

Aſcoli. It is not in your will to force my Love.

Galeotto. Sir, if I ſhould, it were but juſtice, and
Divine; ſince in my abſence you conſpir'd
T'enforce brave *Altophil* to make her his;
That your deſires might ſuffer no impediment
When they ſhould court *Arthiopa.*

Aſcoli. Thou rudely doſt awake
Thoſe thoughts that faine would ſleepe; I'll heare no more,

Galeotto. Goe, bind him then, and leade him where he was
Before reſtrain'd; you ſhall have time to meditate,
And make your reſolutions of more worth.

Gandolpho. My Lord, I'll watch him like your Sentinell.

Aſcoli. Slave, doſt thou uſe me as fond children doe
Their Birds, ſhew me my freedome in a ſtring;
And when th'aſt play'd with me enough, ſtraight pull
Me backe agen to languiſh in my Cage?
This inſolence will make her chiefe in hell. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Hirco, Friskin, Fibbia.*

Fibbia. Well, this is a good King, the Lawes ſhall have
Their courſe; it matters not who raignes, as long
As ev'ry one may come by their owne; if
Seignior *Rampino* pay me not, I can
Arreſt him now.

Friskin. Troth Miſtreſſe *Fibbia's* in the right;
For thus to faile his day, is ſuch a thing,
Heaven wil never bleſſe him.

Fibbia. Never, 'Tis impoſſible he ſhould come to good
That failes his day.
Heaven keepe my friends from failing of their day.

Hirco. Who would have though 't'ad been ſo great a ſin;
But the truth is, I ne're ſtudied Divinitie:
All that I reade is in the Muſter-booke.

Friskin. But, as you told us, Sir, Is he ſo great
Already with the new King?

Hirco. Upon my honour, hee ſent him juſt now
A ſword for a preſent, and thus to me,
Becauſe I am his friend.

Friskin. Yours (Seignior) is not very rich.

Hirco. No, a plaine bandall Hilt; it was his great

Great grandfathers, but there are no such blades worne now. ——*Enter*
I've told your friends here, how much you are *(Rampino.*
In favour now at Court, and they rejoyce,
Heartily, beare up; and make it good,
Sir, we have reason to be glad; I pray
How came't about? may wee learne a little
of the State devices?

Ramp. Troth partly merit, for you know
I weare my cloaths as well as another man;
Besides, I had the lucke to be most neere
A kinne to him that did betray the Fort.

Friskin. Ah, Seignior! if you could have betray'd it
Your selfe, then we had been all made.

Ramp. Well, no time lost, we may have occasion
To betray somewhat hereafter; men that
Will rise, must not be tender of
Their labour and good will.

Fibbia. Seignior, y'are in the right:
For if we labour in our Calling, heaven
Will helpe us to betray something or other
For our good.

Ramp. Mistresse *Fibbia*, I owe you
For much profitable counsell.

Fibbia. I, Sir, and money for other things.

Ramp. Wee'll talke of that anon.
Shew mee another
Of thy standing that beares her yeeres like thee;
It shall cost mee foure Duckets but I'll
Get thy picture, and by thy side I'll have
Young *Antiphones* thy sonne drawne too,
Eating of Cherries in a green coat.

Friskin. Seignior, this was the day you promis'd me.

Ramp. I, I must talke with you; d'you heare, you shall
Worke for the King.

Friskin. Who? I Sir, alas!

Ramp. Come, it must be so, his Taylor dy'd this morning

Friskin. I pray, Seignior.

Ramp. 'Tis very true,
He fell madde with studying of new fashions.

Friskin. I shall be thankfull if you'll use your power.

Ramp. You can i'th long vacation ev'ry yeere
Travell to *Paris*, and instruct your selfe
O'th newest modell, and best cut.

Friskin. I have a brother lives there, Sir, he is
A Shoe-maker, and lately sent me post
A patterne of the finest Spur-leather;
I'was so admir'd at Court,

Ramp. Write for him straight, he shall be preferr'd too,

If he bee kowne to trim at's pairing-knife,
He cannot misse th' reversion of that place.

Friskin. If the house of the *Friskins* rise, none of
Your worthy issue shall want a second.

Fibbia. Seignior, my money's due since *Lammas* last;
Shall I know your mind?

Ramp. Sweet Mistresse *Fibbia*, you shall receive our whole
Discourse; I'm studying to preferre your neighbour here
At Court. Now, if you'll choose any imployment
In the Queens side, your hopes stand faire; she now
Lies in at *Mantua*. Let me see — what thinke
You of a Rockers place to the young Prince?

Fibbia. Why truly, Sir, so I may carry my
Small sonne a long, I would be loth to leave him
Behind in a lone house.

Ramp. You must buy him a new Hat; and d'you heare,
Let him abstaine from Ginger-bread, 'twill spoyle
His growth.

Fibbia. A little, Sir, on holy dayes.

Ramp. You will be selfe-will'd.

Fibbia. He alwayes had a care of my sonne.

Ramp. *Friskin*, and you may visit me to morrow,
And know more.

Friskin. I'll bring my measure with me, it is long
Since I wrought for your worship.

Ramp. Doe, doe, farewell; *Hirco*, make haste, and shift the ayrē;
There's nothing so contagious as the breath
Of Creditors. ——————————— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Morello*, *Altophil*, *Arthiopa*.

Altophil. Rich hangings of the anticke *Persian* Loome,
Venetian Tapers guilt, and bedding of
Italian Nunnes imbroaderie, purl'd and imbos's'd.
Galeotto shewes his bountie great to decke
Our Bridall chamber, with such forraigne pomp;
But where's the Priest, that with his holy words
Should make us fit to enter here?

Morello. Rosting the Pigge he receiv'd in his last tythes.

Altophil. Your mirth is somewhat strange; does it become you?

Morello. How little are you prais'd in th'affaires
And soules of men, to thinke this sumptuous bed
Within, and furniture could entertaine
An enemie?

Altophil. For whom was it prepar'd?

Morello. For mighty *Heldebrand*, the *Lombards* King,
Who, when hee gave the Prince, and you secure
Undoubted prisoners to my Masters will,
He had a promise made, the ensuing night
He should enjoy that Lady in his armes.

Arthiopa. Ah mee! what prodigies are here?

Altophil. Villaine, take that for thy intelligence. ——— *Strikes him.*

Morel. So fierce in your rewards! what! how, seize on the Duke? —*Enter souldiers, lay hold on him.*

Altophil. My sense is so much dull'd with often use
Of my calamities, that they are now
Become my sport; what followes, Sir? I doe
Beseech you would proceed.

Morello. Souldiers, avoyd the roome. ——— *Exeunt souldiers.*
Know, Sir, the wise *Galeotto* to make full
Witty and new his bounty to the King,
Ordain'd that you this Lady's Lover, should
Upon your knees present her to his lust:
Your proud neglect of *Amaranta* then
Is subtilly repay'd.

Altophil. O! damn'd infernall Dog.

Morello. I'll leave you, Sir, take leisure, and resolve
T'accept of this imployment, or to die. ——— *Exit.*

Altophil. How divers are the changes of his tyrannie;
Erewhile he flatter'd us with pleasant shewes
Of comfortable hope; then suddenly
Presents us with more horrid formes then death.

Arthiopa. Death is our happiest expectation now;
The grave is ever quiet, though 'tis cold;
But *Altophil*, alas! when wee have slept
A many thousand yeeres; who is't can tell
If I againe shall know thee when I wake? ——— *Exit Amaranta.*

Amarax. The chiefest blessings that are bred above
Fall on you both; like Summer showers that come
To ripen what before was but i'th infancie
Of growth: First, *Altophil*, on you that are
Most noble to the world, though much behind
To mee; next on your Bride, whose vetues shine
So cleare, that I must checke my envie, and
Pretend some joy to see her fortunate.

Altophil. Can this be *Amaranta's* voyce? is shee
Perverted too, and taught to mocke at our
Distresse?

Arthiopa. This ill beseemes a Maidens tenderesse.

Amaranta. Forbid it goodnesse; if you suffer ought,
That I should make your miseries my scorne;
For just heaven knowes, my father with great shewes
Of kindnesse, and of hope lately disturb'd
My Orisons, with newes hee had design'd
The Prince to marry me, which, *Altophil*,
Was but unwelcome hope, since my best Love
Must die with thy disdaine; then told me all
These preparations were to celebrate

Your Nuptialls with' *Arthiopa*.

Altophil. My Nuptiall Rites! this was a feign'd diſguiſe
To hide his foule laſcivious purpoſe from
Thy baſhfull ſight.

Amar. My Lord, though he hath wrong'd you much, do not
Miſconſtrue him as fit for all impieties.

Altophil. Alas! it is too drie
A truth; witneſſe theſe bonds, witneſſe thoſe griefes
That hang upon *Arthiopa* like blacke
Wet clouds upon the mornings cheeke; know ſhe
Is here deſign'd for th'luſt of *Heildebrand*:
And I by your obdurate fathers will,
Muſt be inforc'd to ſee and ſuffer it.

Amaranta. Horror! why ſhould I tarry here,
And liſten to ſuch things as are not fit
To be believ'd?

Altophil. Stay *Amaranta*, ſtay;
If thou art pitifull, and haſt that heaven
Within thy heart, that with ſuch lively truth
Is figur'd in thy face, expreſſe it now.
Thou knoweſt the ſecret paſſages and doores
Of this thy fathers houſe, convey with thy
Beſt skill; and truſt my Miſtreſſe to ſome darke
Unuſuall place, where ſhe may reſt ſecure
And ſafe from violence.

Arthiopa. Upon my knees I begge
If yet the ſoftneſſe of thy mothers nature
Have any reſidence within thy breaſt:
Looke like a Virgin on a Virgins moane;
And let thy mercy finde ſome way to hide
My honour from the reach of wicked men.

Altophil. This ſad neceſſity hath made my joynts
Stiffned with Winter-marches in the war,
Now ſupple as a Courtiers knee, that waits
Upon a Tyrants Throne. Behold how low
I fall to be my Miſtreſſe advocate. —

Amarant. Let me henceforth in darkneſſe dwell; for why
Should I againe make uſe of day, that could
Endure to ſee th'elected Monarch of
My vaſſall'd Love, thus humbled at my feet?
Riſe, Sir, riſe ſweet *Arthiopa*, though it
Seemes ſtrange (though you my Rivall are) I ſhould
Aſſiſt your fortune, whoſe felicity
Muſt ruine mine; yet I will juſtly doe't
With hazard of my life.

Altophil. What ſtrange malicious courteſie (you ſtarres)
Was this? to make the firſt election of
My love ſo excellent, and with *Arthiopa*,

So fill my breaſt, that there no roome was left
To entertaine the Ladies true
Affection, till it came too late.
Arthiopa. And I could not confirme
My owne chiefe happineſſe, but whilſt I foyld
The chaſte proceedings of her hope.
Amar. Firſt, I'll untie theſe miſ-becomming bonds,—*Unbinds them.*
Now, follow mee with ſlow and wary feet,
Strong guards are ſeverally diſpers'd beneath;
You cannot voyd the houſe; but there's a vault
Deepe buried under yonder Turrets frame,
Where I'll conceale you both, 'till I perſwade
My father ceaſe his irreligious wrath.
Altophil. This kindneſſe to thy Rivall ſhall become
(In all ſucceeding times) a ſtory fit
To ſoften ev'ry amorous Ladies eare;
Fame loud ſhall ſing it, and preſerve it long,
The muſicke of her trumpet, not her tongue.——*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Heildebrand, Galeotto.*

Heildebrand. THeſe ornaments ſhew much magnificence
And wealth, the proſperous Monarch of the Eaſt
Might here vouchſafe to ſleepe, though when his bold
And ſuperſtitious fables made him thinke
The Sunne was marryed, and would ſend his gliſtring wife
To be his Concubine.
Galeotto. Theſe Tapers, Sir,
And theſe refulgent Stones, will all grow darke,
When you behold *Arthiopa*; who now
(That you may find my promiſe juſt) you ſhall
Embrace; where is ſhee? ha, death on this ſlave.
Morello told me that he left her here;
Her Lover too, faſt bound to my diſpoſe.——*Enter Amaranta.*
Amaranta! what divell counſell'd thee
To this untimely viſit in the night?
Amaranta. It was a carefull Angell, Sir, that to
Prevent the ...ngers on your ſoule, hath given
Me order to dehort your rage, which ſo
Purſues *Arthiopa.*
Galeotto. Where is ſhee? ſpeake,
Where's *Altophil?* remov'd and hid by thee?
Heildebr. Her beauties make his faint deſcription more
Like envie then juſt praiſe; the niceſt maid

In *Lombardy*, ſtrictly compar'd, lookes like
A wither'd *Lapland* Nurſe; my teeming wife
Shewes foule and tauny to her, as ſh'ad beene
The ſooty off-ſpring of a *Moore*.
Galeot. Why do'ſt not ſpeake, I know ſhe can't eſcape
The confines of my houſe, my guards are made
Too watchfull and too ſtrong, Where is ſhe? Speake. —— *Shee kneeles.*
Amaranta. Sir, I confeſſe I've hid her from your wrath,
And till this great diſtemper of your mind is cur'd,
It were not ſafe ſhe ſhould appeare.
Heildebr. Galeotto, Why do'ſt let this Lady kneele?
Such humbleneſſe ſhewes ill, the pleaſure of
An amorous beauty is her pride.
Galeot. The poſture's comely, Sir, it is my daughter.
Heildebr. Hah! his daughter! this courteſie is new
And exquiſite, I love a Parent for my Bawd!
Galeotto. Tell mee, thou troubleſome delight of holineſſe;
Where thy bewitching Rivall is conceal'd,
Or I'll torment thee till thou wake thy dead
Unluckie mother with thy groanes.
Heildebr. Galeotto, hold, do'ſt thou uſe force?
Galeot. The Lady that I promis'd for your ſolace, Sir,
S'hath wickedly remov'd from hence.
Heildebr. What Lady's that?
Galeot. The faire *Arthiopa.*
Heildebr. There is none faire but ſhe, all beauty elſe
She turnes to blacke companions of the night;
My judgement is too ſtrong, cheat not mine eares
With the falſe muſicke of a name: Alas!
My gentle Excellence, waſte not thoſe teares,
Whoſe ſoveraigne power would better nature, where
She weakly doth reſide, and falling in
The Spring, convert a Canker to a Roſe.
Come, mourne no more.
Amaranta. Sir, you are mercifull,
And by the great prerogative of your
Command, may ſoone procure an eaſier weight
Then he hath laid upon the innocent.
Heildebr. Believe't he ſhall not practiſe violence;
To Bed ſweet beauty, goe, he is reclaim'd;
Upon thy life purſue her not: thy lookes
Are growne too terrible to court her now. —— *Exit Amaranta.*
Galeotto. But will you then forgoe my promiſe, Sir?
Heildebr. Your firſt alliance was, her Love ſhould
Preſent her willingly into mine armes,
And that I muſt expect there is no eaſe,
Nor pleaſure in reſtraint.
Galeotto. You meane *Arthiopa.*

I'll

I'll fetch her, Sir, if you'll but let me force
This wayward foole to tell where shee's conceal'd.

Heildebr. This is that faire *Arthiopa* whom I'll enjoy.

Galeotto. Perswade my daughter to your bed; alas, you
Are marryed, Sir.

Heildebr. Or thy ambition elfe
Were happily so bold to thinke: I'll choose
Her for my wife.

Galeotto. In troth the other way
Is but unwholesome kinde of love;
Yet may be fit enough for loft *Arthiopa*;
If you'll take leisure 'till I finde her out:
But to betray a daughter.

Heildebr. You lately could betray
Your countrey, Sir, why not a daughter now?
Mocke not my rais'd desires, bring her to night;
Not forc'd by terror, or outragious strength,
But by the soothings of thy tongue wrought to
A willing, liberall consent; goe, do't,
Or thou shalt bleed. ——— *Exit.*

Galeotto. Peace to your majesty:
This foole in a religious pity hath
Destroy'd her selfe, i'th choycest houre of time,
When I design'd she should be wedded to
The Prince: for dull loose *Heildebrand*,
If th'other had but satisfi'd his lust,
In drunken bountie would surrender all
His conquest here, t'endow and make her great.
What is our humane cunning, our obscure
And vicious wisdome worth? since at this play
Of policie, that Gamester cannot winne
That hath not skill, but power to help his sinne. ——— *Exit.*

Enter *Ascoli* unbound, *Rangone*, *Gandolpho*.

Rangone. I heare the Lady, Sir, and *Altophil*
Are pris'ners still, and by that traytor were
But led to counterfeit delights.

Ascoli. My owne calamities soone vanish from
My thoughts, when I remember theirs; you see
This Captaine gives my hands their liberty;
But expect hee's now so farre resolv'd,
That he'll contrive the freedome of
My person and my minde.

Rangone. *Gandolpho*, know
The counsell I have breath'd, will shortly, when
Your reason and your piety consult,
Advance your profit much, your honour more.

Ascoli. Your error past I have forgiven; as well
Assur'd *Galeotto's* cunning did seduce

Your

Your eaſie nature in pretence of gratitude
To doe perfidious things to th'State and mee;
But your amendment now ſhall have as full
Reward as if the memory were loſt,
Of all your former guilt.

Rangone. How excellent repentance ſhewes! it may,
Perhaps, proceed too ſlow, but when
'Tis reall, never comes too late.

Gandolph. Sir, thus dejected on the earth, I begge
Your pardon, and ſhould riſe made happy, though
Not innocent, if you believe that I
Was wrought into my crime, by him that found
A ſubtile uſe of my unskilfull Love.

Aſcol. My faith is willingly confirm'd, and you
Call'd backe to all the favour you forſooke;
The Citadell continues ſtill in your
Command, though with bold ſtrangers new inforc'd;
And by your power a ſecret entrance may
Be ſoone devis'd for a ſurprize.

Rangone. The abſence of your perſon, Sir, which is
So much lamented now, when you appeare,
Will adde a courage equall to the joy
Our ſouldiers ſhall receive; and though diſpers'd,
The towne may yeeld enough for this deſigne.

Gandolpho. What valour, or long practiſe in the war
(Made perfect with much doubtfull enterprize)
Can doe, we ſhortly will atchieve: but for
A while you muſt reſt cloſe in durance here.

Aſcol. My patience is ſo wiſe, it will perſwade
Me to't, *Rangone*, come; the dangers which
Theſe Lovers feare, are ſuch as we would faine
Prevent, or elſe adventure to revenge. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Heildebrand*, *Galeotto*, *Arthiopa*.

Galeot. The beames of your bright beautie could not be
So hid, but I muſt finde them out.

Arthiopa. My life I now eſteeme not worthy of my care,
Since you have ſever'd mee from *Altophil*.

Galeot. Your Lover yet is ſafe; but if you uſe
The King with cruelty, expect the like
On him.— I knew, when he beheld —— *aſide.*
Her luſtre ſhine, my *Amaranta* would
Be free; already he growes hot: This fire
Like thoſe that Chymiſts keepe, muſt ſtill
In ſecret burne, whilſt gazers voyd the roome. —— *Exit.*

Heildebr. Which way ſhall I redeeme the error of
My former wonder, that in ignorance
Committed fond Idolatrie to one
Who in her greateſt beauty may become

Thy worſhipper, and not decline her owne
Prerogative; though ſhee excell a throng
On others that are comely too.

Altophil. Sir, I am hither forc'd
By a perverſe and trecherous Counſellor;
His tongue hath much envenom'd your chaſte eares,
And would perſwade you a horrid ſinne;
But all my comfort is, your nature hath
Been ſtill ſo rightly taught, you'll eaſily
Reſiſt temptations of greater ſtrength,

Heildebr. Know thou art hither come, to lay thy white
Attractive hand upon my Scepter; and
Give lawes to me, to make decrees of war
And peace; fold up my Enſignes, then command,
Then ſtraight unfold agen, untill they ſpread
Their bloodie ſtreamers in a forraigne Land;
But then my pretious ſweetneſſe you muſt love.

Arthiop. Your goodneſſe, Sir, I will, but if your thoughts
Are prompted to attempt unlawfull deeds,
Sure all the righteous world muſt hate you then;
Nor would I be the laſt ſhould frowne upon
A wicked Lover, though a King.

Heildebr. Such cold diſcourſe befits an hermitage,
Where age and hunger make a rev'rend
Pretence, to hate the pleaſure, when (alas)
They have out-liv'd the appetite; you muſt
Come neerer yet.———

Aethiop. O! thinke upon your honour, Sir, and what
Protects it, heaven.

Heildebr. It is ſome pleaſure to
Delay thoſe thoughts a while, draw neere, make mee
Acquainted with your lips; why ſhould they want
Impreſſion that ſo eaſily ſwell; that are
So ſoft, and fit to take the ſeale of love?

Arthiop. You'll fright my ſoule from this unfortunate
Weake Tenement, where ſhe unwillingly
Hath dwelt of late; and now 'tis ſhaken ſo
With that ſtrong tempeſt in your lookes,
She dares not longer ſtay.

Heildebr. Let her come forth, and in my boſome reſt.

Arthiop. No, Sir, her ſecond dwelling is above
The ſtars, where ſhe will tell ſuch tales of you,
If you perſiſt, the earth ſhall grow too hot
For your abode, and ſhortly after, hell
Too cold; they'll mend, and multiply their fires
Againſt you come.

Heildebr. Were you leſſe faire, ſuch coyneſſe would diſſwade.

Aethiop. If you continue in this exerciſe

Of impious power, be ſtill a King; but may
You live to know your title given you for
A ſcorne, no ſubjects left you to obey;
More enemies to conquer what you have,
'Till be ſo little, and ſo cheape; this in
Your age, when miſeries doe moſt perplex,
And ſtrength is quite decay'd that ſhould ſupport
The waight which younger patience thinks no load.

Heildebr. Are you ſo excellent at curſes, Lady?

Arthiop. But better far at bleſſings, Sir; if you
Subvert the furious danger of your will,
Be ſtill a King; and may your Scepter grow
Within your hand, as heaven had given it
A root: may it bud forth, increaſe in boughes,
Till't ſpread to the Platan tree, and yeeld
A comfortable ſhade, where other Kings
May ſit delighted, and ſecure from all
The ſtormes of war and tyrannie.

Heildebrand. Leave me, away,
That cloſet make your priſon untill night,
Where you ſhall harbour ſafe from him that would
Betray your Virgin-wealth, but looke not backe:
For then you ſhare the guilt of my next crime,
You carrie in your face the fire that feeds
My flame; which, if I ſee, 'twill kindle ſoone
What I will ſtrive to quench. —————— *Exeunt ſeverall wayes.*

Enter *Altophil* bound agen.

Altophil. Arthiopa, Arthiopa! O that
The double concave of this diſmall place
Could but reverberate her name, I would
Be mock'd, though with a ſound of happineſſe
Rather then quite depriv'd; the Ghoſts
Of impious men walke and reviſit the
Relinquiſh'd earth; but ſhe is gone like things
Moſt excellent: the ſoules of Votaries
Who once departed, know this fulſome world
So much unfit to mingle with their pure
Refin'd ayre, that they will returne.

Arthiopa, —————— Enter *Amaranta,* with a ſword drawne.

Amaranta. What voyce is that, which with
Such fatall accent doth bemone ſome great
Eternall loſſe.

Altophil. Arthiopa is gone,
The ſecret Vault where thou didſt leave us ſafe
Enclos'd was by *Morello* found, who with
Rude help of murthers enforc'd her from
Mine armes, and left mee bound.

Amaranta. I fear'd ſome danger neer

Which made mee haſte to thy redreſſe ; once more
(my Lord) let me give freedome to your ſtrength. —— *Unbinds him.*
Here, take this ſword, 'tis a moſt pretious jewell,
And like a relique hath hung long within
Our armourie : if falſe *Morello* ſhall
Returne to threaten death, defend your ſelfe.
Altophil. I would this bountie had been earlyer brought.
Amaranta. My feares are ſo increas'd, I dare not ſtay
To ſee the end of thy uncertaine fate.
Be watchfull and conceal'd. —— —— —— —— *Exit*
Altophil. The unwearied courteſies
Of this ſoft maid, afflict my memorie :
Since my affections were ſo far bequeath'd
And ſpent, ere they became her due, that now
I cannot pay her, equall love for love,
But to anothers loſſe. — What noyſe is that !
A ſecond doore reveal'd ? it opens too. —— *He ſteps behind the Arras.*
Enter *Galeotto*, *Morello*.
Morello. Hee's truſs'd, and pinion'd like a Pullet, Sir,
And you may ſpit him when you pleaſe.
Galeot. Yes, he muſt die, for *Amaranta* loves
Him ſo, her wiſhes elſe will ne're be quieted,
Nor ſhe admit the Prince, though I could win
His heart, he ſuffers for diſdaine of her ;
She ſhall appeare, and ſee it too, 'twill breed
Her up to greatneſſe whoſe chiefe nouriſhment
Is blood, when you have lock'd the doore, give her
This key, and ſend her hither.
Morello. If ſhee ſuſpect the cauſe, ſhe will not come.
Galeot. I ſay ſhe muſt and wait you cloſe about
The King, to watch th'event of his hot enterprize. —— —— *Exit Morello.*
Duke *Altophil*, where is your mighty grace ?
Altophil. Who is't that makes my title his bold mirth ?
Galeotto. His fetters off ! a ſword too in his hand !
This argues trecherie. —— *Strives to goe backe to the doore, Altophil ſteps betweene.*
Altophil. Nay, no retyring yet,
I have been here reſerv'd your priſoner,
But your dull bounty now hath made you mine.
Galeot. The very ſword I won in duell from
The fain'd *La Roch*, i'th vale of *Chamberie*,
If 'twere taught t'obſerve as Wizards doe,
This chance is ſo ſiniſter, 'twould miſuſe
A ſuperſtitious trembling through my veines.
Altophil. What is it makes your admiration ſtill
Employ'd ? this object of your cruelltie ?
Galeotto. Who furniſh'd thee with ſuch a rich defence
For reſcue of thy life ?
Altophil. Your daughter, Sir.

Galeot. So

Galeot. So true to him that hates her! and ſo falſe
To me! deſtruction on her ſoule.
Altophil. Your curſe will find ſuch little entertainment where
Her vertues are, that it muſt ſoone returne
Unto your ſelfe; the memory of her
Would faine diſſwade my juſt revenge on thee.
Where haſt thou left *Arthiopa?*
Galeotto. With *Heildebrand.*
Altophil. That fatall word calls backe my abſent and
Reſenting ſpirits to my arme, which grew
With thoughts of mercy weake, but now it hath
A ſtrength too dangerous for thy repulſe. —— *They fight a while, and part.*
Galeotto. Yo'are active, Sir, your nimble joynts are bath'd
In Jeſſamine oyle.
Altophil. And you are knowne a Maſter in
This angry Art; your Rapier miracles
Are chronicled by the hot fencing French;
But I'll adventure ſome ſmall practice, Sir. —— *fight agen and ſever.*
Galeot. Pauſe, pauſe a while, and keepe your little breath,
Since 'tis your laſt, to make your friend more ſport.
Altophil. So merry? cauſe your divell is ſo learn'd,
And taught you faigne in ſubtile lines,
Proportion'd by a rule; ſtill ſtatue like,
Standing as ſtiffe as if your poſture were
In Braſſe, I'll diſcompoſe it ſtraight. —— *Fight agen, Galeotto is wounded,*
Galeot. I did not thinke your skill ſo excellent, (*they ſever.*
I ſhall drop downe without revenge, hence with
A Hatchet, like a ſenſleſſe tree, this to
Requite your kindneſſe, Sir. —— *Fight, Galeotto is wounded, agen*
Altophil. Laugh and be merry now; (*they ſever.*
You are not tickled with a ſtraw, you ſee,
This is a kind of ſport will make you bleed.
Galeot. O my falſe fame, where art thou now, he bores
And drills me where he liſt, as I were dead
Already, and my breaſt, a boord us'd to
An Augur, not a Sword; as if hee had
Forecaſt how many holes would ſerve to make
My obſcure heart tranſparent to the world.
The Furies greet you, Sir. —— *Fight, Galeotto falls.*
Altophil. This for my much wrong'd Prince, this for *Arthiopa.* ——
And though a glorious villaine, yet like to
A villaine fall, deſpis'd upon the earth;
Not pitied in thy parting Groove.
Galeot. O! O! your wrath and I together end. —— *Hee dies.*
Altophil. 'Tis ſtrange I ſcap'd without a wound, he was
A cunning duelliſt, whoſe dead is that? —— *Enter Amaranta.*
Amaranta. Feare ſtill makes others ſwift to flie from danger,
And me thus ſlow t'incounter it, ſure I

Have ſtay'd too long, where are you, Sir?

Altophil. Sweet *Amaranta*, hide thine eyes.

Amaranta. Can they be weary growne of ſeeing you?

Altophil. But here's another object that will make them ſtart,
Till they untie their ſtrings.

Amaranta. Hah my father! mercie, how far is thy
White throne remov'd from earth, that wretched I,
Thy daily Orator, could not be heard?
My blood will turne to teares at his dire Obſequie.
O *Altophil*! thou cruell Lord, did I
For this with ſeverall hazards of my life,
And filiall faith, keepe thee from death? that ſword
I gave you for defence, and ſtraight
Perverting all my courteſies, you did
Preſent it to my fathers breaſt.

Altophil. Hee was a wicked man.

Amarant. Were thy uncivill accuſations true;
Yet for my ſake thou might'ſt have ſpar'd his life:
For mee, whom though you could not love,
I ne're deſerv'd to find your hatred in
Such fierce extremes.

Altophil. There was no help, but one
Of us muſt fall, and I preſerv'd my ſelfe.

Amaranta. Upon ſuch wiſe ſure cautions, my
Indulgent nature ſcorn'd to meditate,
When I deliver'd you from murthering hands,
But made the danger haſtily mine owne.

Altoph. Thoſe words like ſubtill lighting pierce, and ſoone
Will kill me, though they make no wound.
Here, take this ſword, revenge thy fathers cauſe,
Revenge thy cauſe, whoſe love I have been forc'd
To pay with ſome neglect, kill me and be juſt.——

Amaranta. Did you but call't neglect? and ſaid that you
Were forc'd to it?

Altophil. So forc'd, as I ſhall ever be, ſince my
Firſt plight was ſeal'd; there is no eaſe, no end
Of that conſtraint.

Amaranta. Still to lament, and never to be lov'd.——

Altophil. I am the ſource of all thy griefe; make haſte,
Tis fit I die.——

Amaranta. That ſentence is my doome.—— *Shee falls on the ſword.*

Altophil. Hold, *Amaranta*, hold;
Where are our better Angells at ſuch times
As theſe? Sweet virgin breathe a while.——

Amarant. Goe, tell *Arthiopa* ſhe needs not feare
Her rivall now, my Bridall bed is in
The earth.

Altophil. O ſtay! there may be helpe.

Amaranta. When you come neer my grave, if any flower
Can grow on ſuch unluckie ground, pray water't with
A ſingle teare, that's all I aske: mercy heaven. ——— *She dies.*
Altophil. For ever gone! make much of her you ſtars,
She is the brighteſt ere ſhall come into
Your numberleſſe ſocietie. Her laſt
Salute was ſent unto *Arthiopa*,
Till ſhee be ſafe I muſt not follow thee;
But I will haſten, gentle maid, to weare
Immortall wings, and thy new luſtre then
Will be ſo knowne above, that if I ſtray,
It can direct and light mee in the way. ——— *Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Aſcoli*, *Altophil.*

Aſcol. WHil'ſt we confine our motion to this darke
Diviſion of the houſe, we are ſecure;
The Guards beneath *Rangone* did corrupt,
And made my entrance hither eaſily
Atchived: but thou haſt told a piteous tale,
The latter part will give poſterity
A laſting cauſe to mourne, for though
Galeotto ſuffered juſtly for his crimes,
And I muſt ever praiſe that victory;
Yet *Amaranta's* fate was moſt ſevere.
Altophil. Alas! it is not good to name her, Sir;
We ſhall but ſpoyle our thoughts, and urge them to
A deſperate beliefe.
Aſcol. Can your intelligence
Aime at no report that may declare
Your Miſtreſſe uſage with the King?
Altophil. As paſſages are ſtopp'd, no ſouldiers voyce
Is louder then a whiſper here, and thoſe
Are breath'd in the darke. ——— Enter *Arthiopa, her haire hanging looſe about her.*
Aſcoli. Looke where ſhee comes.
Altophil. If that be ſhee
That gives her ſorrow ſo much ornament
With haire diſhevell'd, and unwilling lookes,
Declin'd with ſighs that well may penetrate
The ſpacious vault of heaven, though it were Arch'd
With Onix and hard Chryſolite;
If that be ſhe, perſwade your ſelfe to know
Her, Sir, for I would faine preſerve her ſtill
A ſtranger to my ſight.

Arthiopa. I came to ſeeke
Thee *Altophil*, but thou art found too ſoone.
Why ſhould I vex a Lovers tenderneſſe?
My lamentations are ſo great, they'ld ſerve
T'inſuſe a vertue in a furious eare,
If pitie may be call'd a vertue, but
I hope it is not ſo, for then the world
Would much offend, that long hath wanted it.

Altophil. What diſmall ſtory hangs upon thy tongue?
Speake it aloud, to wake the deſtinies,
Who ſure are faſt aſleep, thy ſufferance elſe
Will make us thinke they take no care of what
They can ſo eaſily create.

Arthiopa. Fierce *Heildebrand*,
That tyrant King! O! that my memory
Can keepe a name ſhould be forgot by all
The world!

Aſcolt. He finds our militarie ſoules are now
Growne tame, and meeke as Doves; hee'll ſhortly uſe
No Iron Scepter here, wee can be aw'd
And govern'd by a Reed.

Arthiopa. To this perfidious King I was convey'd
By *Galeotto*, falſer then himſelfe,
Endur'd his ſinfull courtſhip, and ſubdu'd
At firſt with threatning vowes, the furie of
His will; ſo that he ſeem'd reſtor'd to grace.

Altophil. And did hee fall agen?

Arthiopa. His pietie
Grew ſoone too high a bliſſe for him,
With tedious ſteps he labour'd up the hill;
Whoſe top being reach'd, his elevation ſhew'd
So ſtrange, that it amaz'd his ignorance,
And giddily he tumbled downe in far
Leſſe ſpace then he could climbe.

Aſcolt. A ſwift inconſtancie.

Arthiopa. In a ſhort moment hee was quite
Declin'd from good, ev'n to the extacie of vice:
For in the blackeſt and moſt guiltie houre
Of night, hee came and found my curtaines drawne,
But ſo uncomely rude were his intents,
That though I there had ſlept as in a Shrine,
(A place which death or holineſſe did priviledge
With reverend eſteeme) yet he would force
His way; you ſacred powers conceive how fit
It is the reſt ſhould make mee dumbe.

Altophil. I have begun
In blood, and muſt goe on; inhumane guilt
Is ſo diſperſ'd and growne ſo ſtrong, that now

Revenge from every valiant hand will be
Acknowledged lawfull and Divine.
— *Aſcoli.* Let's haſten to our furious buſineſſe, come,
I have ſome ſtrength in ambuſh neere the Fort;
And bold *Rangone* waits within t'expect
What hidden troopes I will command t'aſſault
My Palace which this Monſter hath uſurp'd.
Altophil. That charge conferre upon my care;
Away, let's give him ſwift and ſilent death,
Like Cannons, that deſtroy ere they are heard:
Yet ſince we're ſever'd in our enterprize,
Wee'll take a ſolemne leave for ever, Sir.
Farewell, — our uſuall fortune can perſwade
Us to no better confidence.
Aſcoli. Yes, noble *Altophil*,
Wee'll meet agen, I'll find thee, though i'th clouds.
Altophil. I have of late been ſo much us'd
To weepe, that I ſuſpect the chryſtall of
Mine eyes is but a kind of Ice, which ſtill
Each warmer change of weather ſtraight doth thaw.
Aſcoli. The ſweeteſt, though moſt injur'd of thy ſex,
Farewell, and thinke ſuch comfort yet remaines,
As muſt not be deſpis'd, though but in hope.
Arthiop. Sir, reaſon ſoone would ruine mine, if I
Had any left; the cleane nice Ermine not
Endures to live, when once the Hunter doth
Her whiteneſſe ſoyle, though with a little ſtaine.
Altophil. *Arthiopa*, come, we are lovers ſtill,
Though too too much unfortunate; time ne're
Could finde in all his old records, nor will
The like ſucceed in's future Regiſter. —— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Bruſco, Gandolpho, Rampino, Hirco.*

Bruſco. What lazie Elephants are theſe? huge Rogues
That cannot dig through mould as ſoft as dough.
Ramp. Is not the Myne yet finiſh'd?
Gandolph. Have patience Gentlemen, I'm confident
Th'ave reach'd off the Parapet,
And ſtraight the powder will be laid.
Ramp. But is the ambuſh well ſupply'd that ſhould
Breake in upon the Garriſon when fire is given?
Bruſco. Thoſe follow my direction, and are all
Prepar'd to execute at their juſt time.
Hirco. Then one ſucceſſe is ſure, for the old troopes
Have ſent a private meſſage, they'll aſſault
The City gates before the Sunne can riſe
To ſhew them to the enemy.
I know th'are led by brave *Piſciero* the
Lievtenant to our Generall, and I

Have planted thoſe will give them entrance, though
They tread upon their mothers and their wives.
Bruſco. It recreates my very lungs to thinke
How this luxurious ſtupid *Heildebrand*
In pleaſure ſnorts, and little thinks
He ſhall be wak'd with an alarme.
Gandolpho. You, Sir, muſt take important care, leſt in
The ſtreets your conſultation be with throngs
Of Fiends: for buſie members will be ſoone
Obſerv'd; your quarter is the Weſterne bridge.
Bruſco. But firſt attend about the Palace, to
Expect your orders, they muſt be given you there.
Rampino. Direct your ſelves; I am more watchfull then
A ſicke Conſtable after his firſt ſleepe
On a cold bench, *Hirco*, along with mee. ——— *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Heildebrand*, *Morello*, *Rangone*.

Morello. This is the Count *Rangone*, Sir, who was
Before your Conqueſt here chiefe Captaine of
The Guard unto the captive Prince.
Heildebr. From *Galeotto*, Sir, is your affaire?
Rangone. This Ring hee humbly ſends a preſent to ——— *Ring*
Your Majeſty, it was the firſt rich pledge
You gave him to confirme his new integritie,
By which he would perſwade your royall thoughts;
I am a meſſenger of truſt, with hope
It may procure me privately your eare.
Heildebr. Leave us, *Morello*, and attend within — *Exit Morello.*
What is the cauſe hee can ſo ſoone neglect
The homage of his dutie here? he did
Not waite to day.
Rangone. His daughter, Sir, is ſicke.
O're whom ſo fondly he laments, that hee
Supplies both her Phyſitians Art and diligence.
Heildebr. Proceed to his requeſt.
Rangone. Your wiſdome, Sir, wee'll much admire.
To what a calme and eaſie ſufferance
He hath reduc'd *Arthiopa* reclaim'd
Her froſtie nature to ſuch warme, ſuch ſoft
And feminine deſires as it is fit
Her beautie ſhould poſſeſſe.
Heildebr. Thou doſt bewitch me with thy newes.
Rangone. Sir, ſhe no more retaines the ſeeming forwardneſſe
And peeviſh rigour of a maid,
But wonders why the *Roman Lucrece* did
Complaine, becauſe enforc'd ſince boldly ſhe
Concludes it now the onely ſubtill way
To compaſſe pleaſure without ſinne.
Heildebr. Wiſe *Aracne* Philoſophy, hee'd read

It

It to his Neece.

Rangone. No queſtion, *Galeotto* had
Good moderne Authors for his Doctrine, Sir,
Elſe 'twould not thrive ſo well: his inſtant ſuite
Unto your greatneſſe is, you would prepare
To humble your occaſions to this night,
As you may viſit him; and you ſhall find
The Lady alter'd to your wiſh.

Heildebrand. It lay not in the power of all his skill
And vigilance, to ſend me a requeſt
I would ſo willingly receive: this glad
Aſſurance render him with my beſt thanks,
And then returne to be my guide. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Rampino, Hirco.*

Ramp. Stay here, and watch for more ſupplies; the word
Is gone about, I've drawne to our confederacie
From an obſcure blind lane, a race of ſuch
Indebted wights, as have not ſeen the Sunne
Since the laſt great eclipſe, when wonder more
Than buſineſſe brought them out.

Hirco. Have they any clothes?

Ramp. Why, doſt thou thinke they goe to play a Prize?
Is't of neceſſity they muſt appeare
In ſcarlet Breeches, and cleane lac'd ſhirts?
Swords they have all, although their ſcabbards are
A little torne about the Chape, they'll ſerve
To poke; leſſe men are ſqueamiſh, and won't let'em
Enter their bodies, becauſe they are ruſtie.

Hirco. I would not be a Serjeant in their way.

Ramp. Straight when the hurry ſhall begin to riſe,
Beware my Goſſip *Goldſmiths* ſhop; there be
Among us that will drinke our mornings draughts
In plate, without asking how much an ounce —— *Enter Friskin.*

Hirco. Looke there, you muſt weare an inviſible Ring.

Enter *Heildebrand, Rangone.*

Rangone. He ſaid I ſhould receive the Lady here;
'Tis ſtrange he failes: if Sir, it will become
Your greatneſſe to expect a while, I'll ſeeke
Galeotto out, and ſent her hither.

Heildebr. The object may deſerve my patience, but take care
Y'are ſwift in your returne.

Rangone. If wiſhes can
Conduce proſperity to the deſigne,
Thou ſhalt not want them, *Altophil*, I'll guard
The gates below to hinder all impediments. —— *Exit, ſtrange muſicke is heard above.*

Heildebr. This ſure is ſome preparative, although
The ſound's not very amorous.

The Song to a horrid tune.

(1.)

You Fiends and Furies come along,
With Iron Crow and maſsie Prong;
Come, drag your ſhackles and draw neere,
To ſtirre a huge old Sea-coale Cake,
That in our hollow hell did bake,
Many a thouſand thouſand yeere.

(2.)

In Sulhp'rous broth Tereus *hath boy'ld,*
Baſted with Brimſtone, Tarquin *hath broy'ld*
Long, long enough, then make more roome
Like ſmoakie flitches hang them by
Vpon our ſootie walls to drie,
A greater raviſher will come.

(3.)

If you want fire, fetch a ſupply,
From Ætna *and* Puteoli;
Yet ſtay a while, you need not ſtirre,
Since if his glowing eyes ſhall chance,
To caſt on Proſerpine *a glance,*
He is ſo hot hee'll raviſh her.——Enter *Altophil.*

Heildeb. My ſenſes are growne ſicke! ſpeake! what art thou?
Altophil. Men call mee *Altophil.*
Heildebr. Hee! I encounter'd in a battell on
The banks of *Sibaris?* I'll rather meet
Thee in that river, ſtemming againſt
The tide, then thus wall'd in where horror dwells.
I am betray'd! — —
Altophil. Stirre not, you are confin'd,
And cannot ſcape me now; for ſuch events
As are preſcrib'd us in the ſecret booke
Above, here wee ſhall both receive.
Heildebr. I feare not mine, my ſingle valour is
Enough, if thou art all mine enemies.
Altophil. You come to viſit *Gideotte*, Sir:——*Draws the hangings.*
See where he rudely ſits ill manner'd Lord,
That will not riſe to welcome ſuch a Potentate.
Heildebr. Sleeping in death! ſuch nodding likes me not.
Altophil. Survey him well; he was your Traytor, Sir,
Goe hug him now; cheriſh the falſhood that
Could ruine States, and draw a Nation to
Captivity; open his head, where all

His

His plots and policies are treasur'd up,
And take them out, it is not fit such wealth
Should lie conceal'd i'th grave.
Heildebr. Is there no more
Remaining of those sweating toyles, danger,
And studious wit that helps ambition to
Ascend, then such a pale complexion and
a cold dumb mockery of what we were?
Altophil. Now, Sir to entertaine your pretious time
With new variety (although I knew
You are in haste) see *Amaranta* here. —— *Drawes the hangings further.*
Heildebr. She so alter'd and growne silent too?
Altophil. This was a noble beauty once; repleat
With all that gentle ornament Lovers
In their kind passion, or Poets in
Diviner fury could advance with praise.
And this so sanctifi'd a thing, you did
Endeavour to corrupt, pray court her now,
And thrid her teares like orientall Pearle,
Take Rubies from her lips to darken all
The Jewells in your Crowne, y've undertooke
So much in counterfeit Hyperbole's,
Blast her faire hand with your false sighs; and sweare
'Tis no Idolatry, you may; for looke
How like a Goddesse a dead Lady shewes.
Heildebr. I'll see no more; if they are fit for monuments,
Why were they not interr'd before I came?
Altophil. Yes, you must needs behold all that is gay
And pleasing here; 'twill make your welcome seeme
More absolute: come forth *Arthiopa.* —— Enter *Arthiopa, her haire (dishevell'd as (before.*
Heildebr. This living spectacle disturbs and frights
My senses more then all that's dismall 'bout
The dead; no traytor like to that within,
My courage failes me now, which till this houre
I trusted most.
Altophil. Looke on the ruines you
Have made of such a building; Cherubims
Would strive to dwell in it, but that they knew
They must dispossesse a soule as good
as they; see how it droops!
Heildebr. The period of
My vex'd injurious life drawes on apace.
Altophil. Prepare your valour and your sword, for love
Unto the sacred title which you beare,
You shall not die surpriz'd, without defence,
But try what usefull strength is left you, now
Your vertue's gone. —— —— —— *Both draw.*
Heildebr. Stay then, I'll call to my remembrance all

The noble deeds of my heroicke youth,
Whilſt growing mighty with thoughts, I may
Behave my ſelfe as if I had no guilt.
Arthiopa. O hold my Lord! why ſhould you hazard thus
The treaſure of your life? impoveriſhing
the needy remnant of the vertuous world
In my revenge, leave it to th'holy powers.
Heildebr. Wilt thou be courteous to her, and deſiſt?
Altophil. Move but a little backe, *Arthiopa*,
Couldſt thou believe me worthy of thy love,
Yet doubt my fortitude t'encounter him,
Whoſe crimes have left him no aſſiſtant but
What came from Hell; all that is good forſooke
Him when hee injur'd thee.——
Arthiopa. 'Tis wearifome to beg your ſafety now.
Altophil. By all the fervour of our mutuall vowes,
I charge thee give me liberty to try
What anger can performe when it is juſt.
Arthiop I cannot diſobey, though when I ſee
Your dangers I can die.——
Heildebr. I am reſolv'd for thy aſſault, yet ſtay,
That Ladies ſuffrings hang ſo heavie on
My ſoule, that it foretells a longer ſleepe
Then I would willingly begin; I wiſh
Thou couldſt prepare me with a little wound,
That might let out my luſtfull blood, and leave
The reſt to ſtrengthen me for this dire cauſe.——
Altophil. I'm good at opening of a veine; there Sir,—— *They fight,*
Heild. Had that afflicted terror in her face (*Heildebrand falls.*
Bin hid, th'adſt found more trouble in this victory.——
I feele deſires of bliſſe, and thoſe I hope
May proſper, though preſented very late.—— —— *hee dies.*
Altophil. Depart, forgotten and forgiven.——
Arthiopa. Why doſt thou ſhrinke? ſpeake *Altophil*: why doſt
Thou bow like tyr'd undweeldie age?
Altophil. His ſword has bin too buſie here, juſt here
About the heart.——
Arthiopa. The Region of thy love,
I finde thou haſt a wound by perfect ſympathie,
For mine growes ſicke, and doth deſire to bleed.
Altohpil. How fares my Miſtreſſe? ſweet *Arthiopa*?
Arthiopa. Your pulſe muſt give account of all my health.
Altophil. Take't not unkindly I ſhall leave thee now,
My eyes grow dimme, and I would furniſh them
With everlaſting light.
Arthiopa. O my deare Lord!
Let me not thinke that voyce was yours.
Altophil. Alas! that in a loyall Lover death

Muſt argue ſome inconſtancie, ſince 'tis
The firſt occaſion to forſake what wee
May ne're enjoy again.
I ſhall not be forſaken, for I feele
I can decay apace, and keepe you company
In this long journey to our laſt abode. ——
Altophil Firſt let's ſeeke our vowes upon our lips,
They were ſo ſtrictly kept, that wee ſhall find
Them warme, as if but newly breath'd. —— —— *They kiſſe.*
Theſe are the funerall rites of love. ——
Arthiopa. Breake heart.
It is the way to ſhew that thou wert true —— —— *They both die.*
Within. Victory! the Fort is taken, victory! ——
Enter *Aſcoli, Rangone, Gandolpho, Rampino, Bruſco, Hirco, and the Guard.*
Aſcoli. Your brother dy'd, *Gandolpho*, in the firſt
Retreat; you and the ſouldiers ſtill ſhall ſhare
My beſt affection and felicity.
Omnes } Long live your Highneſſe.
Rangone. } O Sir, the ſplendor of our triumphs are
Eclips'd, wee came too late; behold,
The Tyrant is not onely ſlaine, but here
The valiant Generall lies, his Miſtreſſe too,
Imbracing, though inſenſible of love.
Aſcoli. Friendſhip and love are dead; I find
My ſorrowes are too mighty for my tongue.
Rangone. The King thus ſever'd from them it appeares
He firſt was kill'd by *Altophil*, who ſtraight
Fell after on a lingring hurt, *Arthiopa*
(This ſeene) could need no other wound than griefe.
Bruſco. The pride and comfort of the war is gone.
Ramp. A Generall fit to leade the world againſt
The force of Hell.
Hirco. But now wee may hang up
Our armes, and yeeld to ev'ry enemy.
Rangone. Sir, though 'tis fit you mourne, yet take ſome care
So to proceed, as that your Subjects may
Be perfectly aſſur'd of our victory.
Aſcoli. Beare hence theſe wofull objects of our firſt
True Elegie; thy ſtatue, *Altophil*,
Shall in my Palace ſtand, with ſad *Arthiopa*
Lamenting ſtill; and *Amaranta* fix'd
On th'other ſide, hiding her eyes, that found
Too much of beauty in her Rivall's face;
In laſting gold, by old *Epheſian* Art
Deſign'd, this triple—Figure I'll aduance,
Though it will little credit adde to Fate,
That made ſuch Lovers ſo unfortunate. —— —— *Exeunt ommes.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

OVr Poet in his furie hath profeſt,
Yet gravely too, with's hand upon his breaſt,
That he will never wiſh to ſee us thrive,
If by an unhumble Epilogue we ſtrive
To court from you that priviledge to day
Which you ſo long have had to damne a Play:
'Las, Gentlemen, he knowes, to cry Playes downe
Is halfe the buſineſſe Termers have in towne;
And ſtill the reputation of their wit growes ſtrong,
As they can firſt contemne, bee't right or wrong,
Your wives and Countrey friends may power exact
To finde a fault or two in every Act:
But you by his conſent moſt kindly ſhall
Enjoy the priviledge to raile at all:
A happy freedome, which y'eſteeme no leſſe
Then money, health, good wine, or Miſtreſſes;
And he, he hopes, when age declines his wit
From this our ſtage; to ſit and rule i'th pit;
Heaven willingly, ſhall aſſume a Charter firme,
As yours, to kill a Poet every Terme.
And though he never had the confidence,
To tax your judgement in his owne defence,
Yet the next night when we your money ſhare,
Hee'll ſhrewdly gueſſe what your opinions are.

FINIS.

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